Beauty, Fiction Art and Life

Art Lovers'

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Anna Robenne Tells Her Life Story

In This Issue:

"He Painted Beautiful Pictures and Poisoned Beautiful Women"

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Freeman H. Hubbard, A. B., Editor.

Down Leveridge Way

By Agnes Grozier Herbertson

OLD John Toms down Leveridge way,
He is that simple—so people say—
He hid a green switch under his sleeve,
And went shepherdin' on Christmas Eve.

He went to the meadows by Watson's Mill:
The water that flowed there is dried and still,
An' never a soul goes by alone,
So he had that green place all to his own.

But on the brightness of Christmas Morn
He rushed out cryin' that Christ was born,
His eyes like stars in his head wi' joy;
You'd have thought they was the eyes of a boy.

A-through the village he went an' more,
Knockin' an' callin' from door to door;
He cried that Christ was born again—new—
An' the folk that heard him they thought 'twas true.

He said that angels an' angels came
An' filled the meadows wi' bits o' flame,
An' sang of Christ that was born that day,
He rather thought 'twas down Leveridge way.

Folks told old Parson; they tell he aid,
After ponderin' a bit in his head,
That Christ might surely be born again
For simple an' true-believin' men.

He said he rather wished he'd 'a' been
Wi' old John Toms in them meadows green,
Hearing the golden angels say
That Christ was born—down Leveridge way.

Exchange

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ONE of the surest signs of old age creeping upon you is to regard Christmas merely as the twenty-fifth of December—a holiday when you gormandize and swap presents.

If you have forgotten the thrills you experienced when you tiptoed downstairs early Christmas morning, life has passed you by and you are to be pitied.

You are like the shriveled old man in Colorado who has been spending the last eighteen years carving out a gorgeous mausoleum for himself in the solid stone of a mountain side. When he is dying, he will pull a cord and a little white flag will flutter to the breeze, telling passers-by that the tomb is ready to be sealed. And there will be no mourning, for this man has been living for himself alone and, if his plans are carried out, will die alone. Nobody will heap flowers upon his grave in remembrance of kind deeds that made the world a little happier.

He was rich once—this Western hermit—but he squandered the money upon himself. And that is why, today, he looks forward to a dull and cheerless Christmas. Spectators who pass that way are watching curiously for the bit of white crape, but no one will miss him or sob at his death. For in reality he died eighteen years ago, when he failed to keep the Christmas which brightened the morning of his life.

—De Mirjian Studio, N. Y.

"Christmas Morning"

Agnes O'Loughlin, Earl Carroll's "Vanities"

SOMETIMES MME. ROBENNE VARIES HER TRAINING BY THROWING THE DISCUS

Why I Dance

The Life Story of MME. ANNA ROBENNE, *Russia's Youngest Premiere Danseuse, as Told to*

GEORGE ENGELHARDT

ONLY in recent years have I discovered that art is indeed life to me. Not merely dancing—my own particular art—which has always captivated me, but also painting, sculpture, singing, music and writing—forms of culture calling for technique based upon years of hard work—have a fascination for me which is little short of holy. To say I *respect* all art is putting it mildly.

Art is a peculiar thing. It is like a child that must be nursed through many periods. First of all, art must be wholesome. The artist must be healthy, especially the dancer. The other day a man asked me what foods I thought best to eat. I promptly replied: "Lamp chops and pineapple," and proceeded to order three lamb chops and three slices of pineapple for my dinner. These are my favorite articles of diet for any meal in the day. Usually I eat nothing else for breakfast, lunch and dinner. However health is not always what you eat, but how you eat it. Some people do not know that in addition to being bad for the stomach, it is bad for the entire system to eat and drink at the same time. It also makes one fleshy.

Another secret is never to drink while dancing or immediately afterward. I would never do it, although I have craved a drink of water many times. A good jockey would not give his horse a drink while the animal is still hot from the track, and it is just "horse sense" for people not to do it.

But art must be happy. I like to meet people, go to parties where there is a happy crowd of people, drink a glass or two of champagne and dance. It is important to be happy, and there is one fairly sure way of being happy; that is, smile. A smile will reflect itself back to you a thouaand times and from a thousand faces, and after a while you just can't help smiling and feeling all sorts of glowy inside. I disagree with you—what do you call it, big butter and egg man?—who thinks the only way to be happy is to sit in the front row and watch a crowd of pretty girls.

This lack of appreciation is what makes people prudish about undraped art. I think it beautiful and I enjoy it. I admire a beautiful body, either man's or woman's, but unfortunately many people do not.

On the other hand, I have a strong feeling of pity when I see some Broadway shows with almost nude women whose art is as thin as the clothing they wear. Art is technique, not just standing on the stage because one has a beautiful body. It is the execution of that which is at once difficult, beautiful and graceful, acquired by many years of hard work. No one is a born artist except in his or her soul. Art must be learned by work. Then, it has my full respect and love. I may be old-fashioned, but I hope I'm sensible.

As a child I recall having every luxury that money could buy in the wealthy country that Russia was before the Revolution. Part of my education was to sit for hours painting, then singing and piano study. I was surrounded with a mammoth estate and I wanted to dance among the trees, which beckoned me to emulate the leaves in their graceful whirl across the lawn.

I did not realize then that those were the happiest days of my life. I failed to appreciate that I was being given advantages which thousands of girls were hungry for; that even to have a music teacher would have seemed heaven to them. So often when I sat down to paint, some one would play music and my toes would tingle until the very thought of painting was irksome to me.

Always, as far back as I can remember, I have been affected by music. Even now I cannot sit still in a restaurant or theatre where there is music. And more so then, since my parents had forbidden me to dance. Just like a child, I wanted to do it all the more because they said I should not.

No member of our family had ever been on the stage except my uncle, Daniel Robenne, who was a baritone. He came to America and sang with the Metropolitan Opera Company and that is the last I ever heard of him. I was two years old when I last saw him. Most children are only able to toddle around at that age, but I recall distinctly one evening after dinner when my mother played the piano while he

MME. ROBENNE IN A CLASSIC DANCE

"For Each Number I Have a Separate Costume"

sang. The room was like a big auditorium, and I hid behind the sofa because I always felt lost in such a large place. Then, as mother played and Uncle Daniel sang, I slipped out and began to dance.

I remember nothing more until the piano stopped suddenly and I found myself the centre of all eyes. I was the only child—spoiled one, I admit—but there were enough relatives present to make it quite an audience. The consciousness that they were all staring at me brought me back abruptly to myself. Their voices were swallowed up in the immensity of the room and they all seemed to be talking at once. Suddenly they started to clap; I cried and ran off to my nurse in my bedroom.

Every Sunday afternoon we went to the Imperial Ballet, where we had a box, and those were the truly wonderful days of my life. Children of early years do not usually appreciate such things, but I always pictured myself on the stage, dancing like the premiere danseuse.

I had the habit of stealing up to mother's room alone, to get her finery. I would take it to an infrequently occupied spare room and, donning these costumes, I would dance before the mirror.

One Sunday, at the age of nine, I got caught. I had taken mother's best evening gown, and I realize now that her anger was due to the fact of this dainty garment trailing on the floor. I was dancing delightedly, when suddenly the door opened. There stood mother, with a friend who had come to spend the night.

"Look at that!" she screamed, pointing at the dress.

It wasn't my fault the floor was dusty, but in that dust I had described an almost perfect circle, using mother's finest apparel as a dusteloth.

It is true, I had been forbidden to dance. The family had an inexplicable aversion to being behind the footlights. More than once I had expressed my love of dancing in plain words and had been warned in still plainer language "never to go on the stage and disgrace my family."

I mentioned this the other day to a friend, who said: "Yet you went on the stage and honored your family by doing so."

The answer is: The family has since changed its mind. But the outcome of the incident just mentioned was that I promised never to go on the stage if only they would engage a dancing instructor for me. The following day I took my first dancing lesson. That was, for the time being, the realization of all my dreams, my heaven! Later I studied with almost every famous dancing master of Russia, France and Italy, including Ciccetti, Pavlowa's teacher.

Before this agreement had been made I was punished for wearing mother's gown and I cried for hours. My nurse finally told my parents she could do nothing with me. They both relented for a few minutes, and during that time the bargain was made. I don't think I have cried since, except when my little dog died last spring. That was just after my American debut at the Manhattan Opera House in April. I wish I had brought my pet to the United States with me.

What I accomplished once by crying, I did a second time, because I now own the smallest Pekinese in America, given me by a friend. But that is incidental.

I was finally allowed to join the Imperial Ballet school, which I attended with a light heart. My first appearance on the stage was in "Cappellia" as one of the four girl friends of Cappellia. So my first appear-

"The Artist Must Be Healthy, Especially the Dancer"

Courtesy of Ernest Briggs

THREE CHARACTER PORTRAITS OF MME. ROBENNE IN NATIVE COSTUME

ance was as a solo dancer and I have never been in *corps de ballet*. Both parents were present at my debut. They sat in a box and everyone could see they were proud of me. All promises never to go on the stage were forgotten, and they did not object from then on.

After my debut I had more ambition than ever. The dance lives in me and I in the dance. I work hard; but it never seems like labor. Often I have practiced for hours at a time. Before breakfast I get up and ride for an hour. The rest of my day is divided between dancing and swimming. One rule I have always observed is to rest frequently. After my ride, I recline on the sofa for fifteen minutes before eating or before I even open my mail. After all strenuous exercise, this rule should be observed to keep in the pink of condition.

If there is one health secret, I believe that is it. Rest is tonic.

Other than having a cold or a headache at rare internals, I have never been ill. I am five feet three inches in height and weight 115 pounds. When other people tell me about this or that trouble, and the following day something different the matter with them, I feel that nine-tenths of their trouble is due to two things: Either they do not eat properly, or they do not know what rest is.

Many wash down their food with tea, coffee or milk, which any doctor will tell you is the worst thing possible. As for resting, they may think they are doing it when they aren't. Often I pick up a detective story to read while I am resting, because that takes my mind from everything. All the day's cares are absorbed by my interest in the book. Then I drop it and slip off into sleep, or close my eyes, and, like Penrod, think of nothing.

Incidentally, reading is an important part of life, and we who must teach others by emotions or make them understand by emotional appeals, must be well acquainted with all emotions ourselves. I read both classics and best sellers, and gain something from each.

But I hadn't finished telling you about my life. After I became premiere danseuse I went with the original Chauve Souris company. In 1916, the year of the Russian Revolution, I was in the Imperial Ballet, varying my time with making pictures, this being my second year as the star of Charitonoff's film company. During that time, in addition to dancing, I made twenty pictures—an average of ten a year, which is better than most stars do. And it strikes me as very amusing that I acted tragedy—sixteen of these pictures to only four comedies—when I felt as little of tragedy as a baby. I was merry and free, yet the public clamored for my tragic pictures.

Then things began to happen, disastrous things, too.

First, my father's business was confiscated—or nationalized—during the revolution. He went to Finland. Our estate also was seized, with my beautiful horses and two cars. Half of my jewels went, too.

But at that time I didn't realize the hatred underlying class struggle. I danced on. One night as I came out of the theatre I was seized, thrown into a patrol and taken to prison. I was in a damp cell with four other women and a little girl, Carlotta, who had been orphaned by street fighting. As I sheltered her under my big warm coat, she told me how her parents had been shot down.

I have often thought how lucky I was. Some kind fate must have guided me through this hell of civil war. Often I was in the streets when bullets were flying.

Seven days, the longest week of my life, were spent

"The Dance Lives in Me, and I in the Dance"

in that prison. I do not want to recall the horrors of it. The only bright spot was this little face upturned trustingly to mine. I drew the girl close to me and she whispered "Mother." Although the difference in our ages is slight, she still calls me that, or did until I left her in Europe.

Her appeal touched my heart. I told her of my dancing and she said:

"When I grow up I'm going to be a dancer, too."

Soviet Government officials went in and out of the prison, but they meant nothing to me. One day a young official walked into our cell and peered around. I tried to hide my face behind my coat. A great fear seized me. He touched me on the shoulder and I looked up. On his face I saw kindness and wonder.

"What are you doing here?" he asked in a low voice.

I told him.

"We must get you out of here, Madame."

I might never have known but for his peculiar pronunciation of that last word that he had once been employed in my father's office. I had once given him two tickets to see me dance.

I told the official I could not think of going without Carlotta. "We must both go, or neither," I said.

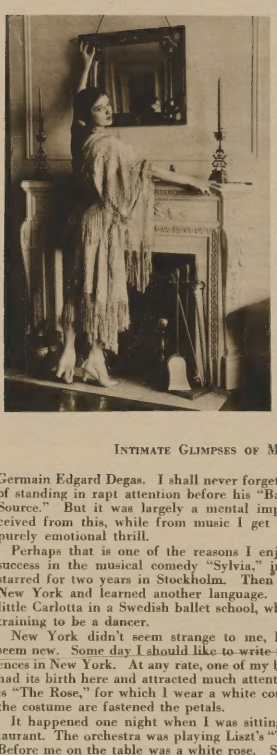
"All right, you both go."

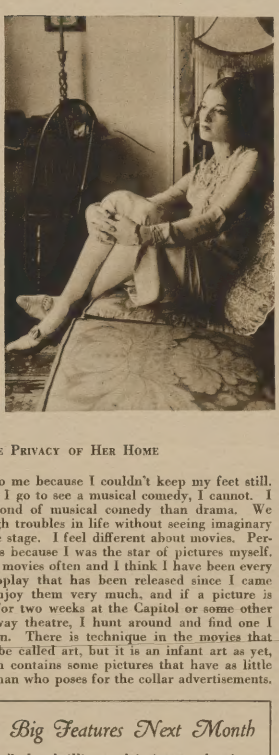
Shortly after midnight he returned to the prison and took me and the orphan girl outside, where a car was waiting. Under pretense of moving us to another jail, he helped us escape. The high-powered car sped toward Finland. When we were within half a mile of the border, the car stopped and the man told us he could do no more. We got out and the car went the way. I have never seen or heard from him since.

On our way to the border we waded through snow waist deep. It was nearly sunrise, and we had to reach Finland before dawn in order to escape detection. Carlotta was a burden, but I never thought of leaving her behind. That half mile seemed like many miles. Once or twice guards must have heard us from the towers stationed at intervals along the border. They fired into the darkness. We huddled in the snow for a few breathless moments before hastening on. Finally we reached Finland and safety.

My family had been staying at Helsingfors, and I hurried there at once. The following day I had recovered enough to dance in the opera ballet of which I was later to be the head. The impresario of the opera at Gotenburg, Sweden, saw me there and offered me the position of ballet mistress and prima ballerina of his opera. I accepted and went to Sweden, to find that the hardest part of my work was mastering the language. In fact, to dance does not seem like work, but only like so many hours of joy.

I told you before that I could never sit still while music is being played. The other arts, for which I have a fondness that amounts almost to passion, affect me differently. For instance, while at Milan I spent many pleasant hours in its wonderful galleries and beautiful churches with painted frescos. In fact, wherever I go I visit the art museums. At the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris I admired especially the canvases of that greatest painter of the ballet, Hilaire





Intimate Glimpses of Madame Robenne in the Privacy of Her Home

Germain Edgard Degas. I shall never forget the thrill of standing in rapt attention before his "Ballet of La Source." But it was largely a mental impetus I received from this, while from music I get more of a purely emotional thrill.

Perhaps that is one of the reasons I enjoyed such success in the musical comedy "Sylvia," in which I starred for two years in Stockholm. Then I came to New York and learned another language. I left my little Carlotta in a Swedish ballet school, where she is training to be a dancer.

New York didn't seem strange to me, but it did seem new. Some day I should like to write my experiences in New York. At any rate, one of my best dances had its birth here and attracted much attention. That is "The Rose," for which I wear a white costume. In the costume are fastened the petals.

It happened one night when I was sitting in a restaurant. The orchestra was playing Liszt's "The Rose." Before me on the table was a white rose. Suddenly it seemed as if the flower moved in rhythm with the music, sweeping with long cadenced steps, whirling as if shaken by the wind, and then a petal fell. Of course, the rose did not actually move. It was in my mind I saw it.

I presented that for the first time at my New York recital, and now I have a new waltz which I shall give for the first time next recital in Carnegie Hall, New York, on December 8, when I have an evening "glorifying the waltz." Every nation will be represented, and I hope the public will like my new dances as well as "The Rose."

For each number I have a separate costume, designed almost entirely by myself to fit that dance. When I have an inspiration to create a dance I also have inspiration for the costume. Every new dance has come to me because I couldn't keep my feet still. Even when I go to see a musical comedy, I cannot. I am more fond of musical comedy than drama. We have enough troubles in life without seeing imaginary ones on the stage. I feel different about movies. Perhaps that is because I was the star of pictures myself. I go to the movies often and I think I have been every good photoplay that has been released since I came here. I enjoy them very much, and if a picture is held over for two weeks at the Capitol or some other big Broadway theatre, I hunt around and find one I haven't seen. There is technique in the movies that can justly be called art, but it is an infant art as yet, and as such contains some pictures that have as little art as the man who poses for the collar advertisements.

Three Big Features Next Month

"Faella," the thrilling and intimate tale of an artist's model, by Thomas Bentzon. The type of fiction written by the masters of literature.

"My Idea of Keeping Well," by Miss Bobby Folsom, leading comedienne with Earl Carroll's "Vanities." Professional health and beauty hints that should interest every American girl.

"His Housekeeper Saw a Nude Model in His Studio and Quit, so This Artist Devised a Unique Method for Solving the Servant Problem." The artist is a prominent New Yorker and his private secretary, Miss Phyllis Van Vechten Van Zant, tells this true story. Read it in the first anniversary number of Art Lovers' Magazine.

He Painted Beautiful Pictures and Poisoned Beautiful Women

By C. MacLaurin.

IN preparation for this little study I have had to read essays by three famous essayists, Thomas Griffiths Wainewright himself, W. Carew Hazlitt, grandson of the critic, and Oscar Wilde; and the comparison of the three versions of his personality is interesting.

History records no more calculatingly wicked artist than Thomas Griffiths Wainewright. He was accomplished both with the pen and brush, and exhibited many canvases at the Royal Academy, London. His favorite medium, however, was strychnine.

Wainewright's essays, which to Charles Lamb seemed "capital," would now to many appear rather jocose; seen through our knowledge of what Wainewright really was, they would probably be considered typical of the supposed "heartless" period of the Regency, in which, because George IV was, to say the least of it, unconventional, we therefore assume that every man of the time must resemble him.

In Hazlitt, writing in 1880, one seems to detect the trail of Thackeray, for already spots on Dickens were beginning to appear, and the great Victorian gods were beginning to tumble, probably temporarily. And since 1891—even so recently as that—Wilde's essay, "Pen, Pencil, and Poison," already begins to seem a trifle demode, so quickly does our taste in essay change, though the paradoxes and wit still shine as brightly as in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Reading jail had left its mark upon him; and though later he wrote an explanation of his own life, we can trace the germs of it in his essay on Wainewright.

The famous poisoner was born in 1794, his mother died in giving to him life; and ultimately he passed into the charge, first of his grandfather, afterwards of his uncle. He married a Miss Madeline Abercrombie, whom Hazlitt takes to have been the accomplice of his crimes, apparently on little evidence. Not much is known of their domestic life.

He took to writing essays for a living, dealing with art matters under fantastic pseudonyms, such as "Janus Weathercock" and "Egomet Bonomi"; and, as I say, his style seems nowadays rather jocose than witty, though he could strike real purple patches of tenderness when he wished, and he delivered some keen criticism. But anything less like to the gentle style of Charles Lamb would be impossible to find; and yet the two were friends, at least of a sort.

He collected objects of art, and really seems to have loved them, for he had undoubted taste. Like Oscar Wilde himself, he had a doctor for a father. Tiring of literature, he, like Disraeli and Wilde, thought to conquer the town by flamboyance; his beautiful rings, his antique cameo breastpin, his luxurious scents, his gorgeous waistcoats, his expensive pictures, were thought to mark a new era in writing.

Then he took to forgery to pay for these wonders; and last of all hit upon the brilliant idea of insuring people for large sums, and poisoning them for the value of their policies. This he achieved with strychnine, which was then not very well understood; and his uncle, Griffiths, was to pay the penalty of being kind to Wainewright. Then he poisoned Miss Helen Abercrombie, his wife's sister, a charming and beautiful girl, who died suddenly one afternoon when his wife and he were out walking, much to Mr. Wainewright's distress. Next he poisoned the uncle, his mother-in-law and a friend.

"Portrait of Three Girls" *Wainewright*

Alas! the insurance companies would not pay up; and in the course of years—for justice in England ever walked with lagging footsteps—Wainewright came to jail, not for the murders, but for his for-

"PORTRAIT" *Wainewright*

geries upon the Bank of England. Not being desirous of bloodshed, the bank did not prosecute so mercilessly as they were entitled to do, and no doubt the governors thought themselves mighty kind fellows for sparing a fellow-creature the gallows. They were satisfied with transportation to Tasmania, which at that time was equivalent to exile to Siberia in Czarist Russia. In Tasmania he ultimately died of apoplexy in 1852. To use Wilde's phrase, he was transported for "what, if we remember his fatal influence upon the prose of modern journalism, was certainly not the worst of his sins."

It is said that his epic feats of poisoning, of which I have not troubled to narrate even the half, were but his mode of self-expression, born of his naturally artistic soul. I doubt if Wilde himself ever realized why he was put into Reading jail; in which ignorance he only agreed with the thoughts of a great many people ever since. In the times of Queen Elizabeth, according to the Rev. W. Harrison's "Elizabethan England," his particular offence would have been classed with atrocities like "hunting by night with painted faces" and "letting out of ponds," and doubtless justly, have been rewarded with "hanging, bowelling and quartering," if not burning. "Hunting by night with painted faces" may have represented a well-known London sport; nominally abolished in Sydney, of which the English soldiers were not the unwilling victims in the Waterloo and Horseferry Roads, often to their great distress later, when the germs of V. D. became active.

Wainewright may have been an artist in words and with the pencil; but his chosen method of self-expression by poison was indescribably stupid, not to say ugly. Nowadays it would be impossible to insure a person without "an insurable interest," owing to the probability of just such crimes as his, while selection of strychnine would be worse than stupid.

Wainewright has been far too greatly admired by such as Wilde. He may have been an artist born before his time; but he was not only very ignorant of poisoning, he was a fool. And, whatever we may think of Oscar Wilde's crime, there can be no doubt whatever that to send an unsuspecting woman into the outer dark through the hideous portals of strychnine poisoning was atrociously wicked, however we may look at it; no artistry could excuse it, and no real artist would ever dream of trying that mode of self-expression. Art, to be art, must be beautiful; and any artist who has ever seen anybody dying of strychnine will never want to see the horrid sight again; even ultra-modern art is less beautiful.

But through it all Wainewright was proud to remain a gentleman and a speculator, just like those fellows on the Stock Exchange, as he quaintly said; the only difference was that he was discovered at his speculating. To mingle with low fellows like convicts was a punishment to him worse than death, to use his own lament.

The Rev. Harrison writing about 1588, had not the slightest doubts about English justice; his only fear was that the punishments were too trivial. Just fancy doing no more than hang, bowel, and quarter a girl for hunting by night with painted face! Harrison is really far more amusing than Wainewright at his best, and is never jocose. The English were such brave fellows that they did not fear death, not in the least like these low foreigners. Tortune was the only thing they feared, but the silly English law would not permit it, except the *peine forte et dure*, inflicted with the utmost horror; but that was only to obtain money for her gracious majesty, not for any less worthy motive.

Wainewright's portraits, painted in jail when years of good conduct had procured him some remission of the severity of his confinement, are said to show the influence of his own cruel face. But it was also said that at least two fellow-prisoners had to suffer corporeally for his urgent need for self-expression. I wonder how he got the necessary strychnine?

In Wilde's essay we can see the degrading influence of Reading jail—there can be no doubt about that at least. And yet, did he not say in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," "for each man kills the thing they love"?

Sex is somehow related to art. Art is supposed to be, in Freudian phrase, a sublimation of sex. There is a perversion of male lust called sadism, that inflicts cruelty upon the object of its love. But it is fair to classify Wainewright, who murdered his victims in cold blood, with the sadists, who, though hideously cruel, even to the shedding of blood, are at least human? Was Wainewright afflicted by a perversion which in its turn is a sublimation? The brain reels at this effort of Freudian mysticism; indeed, it needs the eye of faith to perceive it, and one can well see it not simpler to say that Wainewright was merely an inhuman brute who had none of that "herd instinct" which we now believe to be at the root of man's civil-

(Continued on page 14)

THE PAVLEY-OUKRAINSKY BALLET—A CLASSIC POSE

Courtesy Ernest Bolzoni

Footlights and Photoplays

THE Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet, organized in this country ten years ago with the Chicago Grand Opera, is to make its first tour of Europe, sailing for Paris on December 1. With the two leading members already known abroad will be associated American dancers, including several young men, and no fewer than twenty-five American girls. This will be the first time, it is said, that an American company will appear in classic ballet in France.

The Paris engagement to be played either at the Mogador or Chatelet Theatre, has been arranged by a woman impresario, Mme. B. Rasimi, who was manager of a touring French troupe with which the Pavley-Oukrainsky dancers appeared in Mexico City last year.

* * * *

THERE are now 322 moving picture theatres in Berlin, with an aggregate seating capacity of nearly 130,000.

The Ufa, of which Frederick Wynne-Jones is the American managing director, has just completed a new studio in Berlin. It is 385 feet long and can be subdivided if necessary into smaller studios. By means of sound-proof walls it will then be possible to produce several scenes at the same time.

Among the plays to be produced by the Ufa is "Tartoufe," based on Moliere's play. Persons having parts in it will include Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss and Lil Dagovar. Another play will be "Variety," in which will be featured Lya de Putti, a new continental star.

The Ufa recently purchased the continental rights of forty Metro-Goldwyn pictures, which will be produced in Central Europe in the near future.

* * * *

NEWS reels have become all the rage in the Russian Soviet Union. The reels are supplied by an organization picturesquely called "The Traveling Cinema Eye." Particularly in demand by audiences are scenes of hunting, adventure and primitive life in the Siberian wilderness, the Wild East of the Soviet Republic.

Expeditions of "The Traveling Cinema Eye" were recently dispatched to film native bear hunts in the Altai mountains in Siberia, and wild animal hunting in the western Asiatic regions of Ferghana and Daghestan. A large film has just been completed showing life among the Tartar tribes in the Crimea.

* * * *

THE American theatre is at last "coming into its own" through the productions of such non-commercial groups as the Theater Guild, the Stagers, the Provincetown Players and the Actors' Theatre, according to Dr. S. M. Tucker, professor of English at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

The work of these groups is a sign of the times, Dr. Tucker said in a lecture recently. He compared the number of worthwhile plays produced in the last few years with the plays of 20 years ago when managers produced anything which would benefit the box office and nothing which would not.

"Trilby," *as Conceived by Paul Potter*

THEATRE-GOERS were saddened at the recent death of Mrs. Paul Potter, who succumbed in a New York hospital without leaving money enough for burial in Woodlawn Cemetery, resting-place of her husband, although Mr. Potter was reputed to have earned $500,000 in royalties from his dramatization of "Trilby."

Mrs. Potter was fifty-five. Since the death of her husband three years ago she had been thrown on her own resources and had worked as nurse, writer, teacher and secretary.

* * * *

IF a feminine star of the First National Pictures should gain too much weight she would be dropped automatically from the company's payroll. Under terms of her contract, her weight must never exceed 130 pounds. The first actress to sign such a contract is Dorothy Mackaill, eighteen years old, who weighs 113 pounds.

Richard A. Rowland, president of the First National Company, explained the situation as follows:

"This will not apply only to Miss Mackaill but to all our young women stars. I need not mention names, but you will admit that various prominent stars who have been carefully trained and developed have a tendency to allow themselves to grow stout and in some cases almost unavailable for the parts which they are supposed to play.

"In the case of one young woman star her company was forced to devote several months and a great deal of money toward bringing her back to normal weight. I suppose it is the easy life and the reckless way in which the actresses arrange their diets that cause them to grow heavy."

* * * *

A STATUE of the late Giacomo Puccini, composer of "Madame Butterfly," and "La Boheme," carved in Carrara marble by the Russian sculptor Trobetzkey has been finished and placed in the foyer of the Scala Theatre in Milan, Italy.

The statue is life-sized and represents the composer as he appeared in 1895, in the period of "Manon Lescaut" and "La Boheme." He is shown wearing a knee-length overcoat with the collar turned up and a fedora hat.

* * * *

THE chief question involved in a discussion of immorality in theatrical productions is the effect produced upon the public mind by plays of questionable contest, according to John Emerson, president of the Actors' Equity Association.

"I believe this effect is negligible," he says, "otherwise John Sumner, head of the Anti-Vice Society, should be the most depraved man in America, as he has undoubtedly read more so-called immoral books and seen more so-called immoral plays than any other man in our country. Yet he is not an immoral man, but quite the contrary.

"However, many people profess to believe that so-called immoral plays affect materially the character and conduct of our citizenry. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that this is true, how are we to determine what constitutes an immoral play? To me, it is entirely a matter of intent on the part of author and producer. Plays written or produced simply for the sake of their salacity are unwarranted, and in nearly all cases, stupid and dull to people of an intelligence superior to that of a rabbit, and consequently nothing of any moment would be lost by their suppression.

"But if the intent of the author is honest, then the fact that his subject matter is such as to offend the overheated susceptibilities of the puritan or the prurient-minded is certainly no excuse whatever for its suppression." (*See page* 56.)

He Painted Beautiful Pictures

(*Continued from Page* 12)

ization? And, that he, fortified by the absence of that most necessary instinct, mocked at the normal men of society?

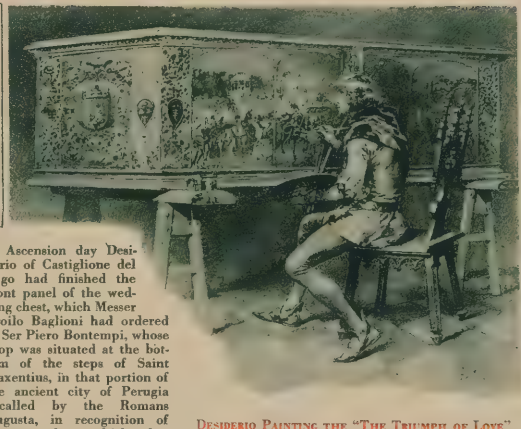
As usual, the imaginative artists see more truly than truth itself, and probably Robert Louis Stevenson, with his Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, of which ghastly pair Mr. Hyde must necessarily be the conqueror, saw the depressing facts of human nature more clearly than Oscar Wilde. But Art has its limitations if society is to remain a decent congeries of people living in peace and mutual protection. Beauty is as inexorable as sex, if man is to survive in civilization. That is where Plato remains our greatest teacher, and once more the wheel of speculation covers full circles.

(THE END)

The Wedding Chest

A Gruesome Tale of Art and Love in Medieval Italy

Pages from an Umbrian Chronicle of the 15th Century translated by Vernon Lee.



DESIDERIO PAINTING THE "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

BY Ascension day Desiderio of Castiglione del Lago had finished the front panel of the wedding chest, which Messer Troilo Baglioni had ordered of Ser Piero Bontempi, whose shop was situated at the bottom of the steps of Saint Maxentius, in that portion of the ancient city of Perugia—called by the Romans Augusta, in recognition of its great glory—which takes its name from the Ivory Gate built by Theodoric, king of the Goths.

The said Desiderio had represented upon this panel the "Triumph of Love," as described in his poem by Messer Francesco Petrarca of Arezzo (certainly, with the exception of that Dante who saw the vision of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, the only poet of recent times who can be compared to those *doctissimi viri*, P. Vergilius, Ovidius of Sulmona and Statius).

And the said Desiderio had betaken himself in this manner: He had divided the panel into four portions or regions, intended to represent the four phases of the amorous passion.

The first was a pleasant country, abundantly watered with twisting streams of great plenty and joyousness, and in which were planted many hedges of fragrant roses, both red and white, together with elms, poplars and other pleasant and profitable trees.

The second region was somewhat mountainous, but showing large store of lordly castles and thickets of fine oaks, fit for hunting, which region, as being that of glorious love, was girt all round with groves of laurels. This represents the love that endures.

The third region—*aspera ac dira regio*—was barren of all vegetation save huge thorns and ungrateful thistles, and in it, on rocks, was shown the pelican, who tears his own entrails to feed his young, symbolical of the cruelty of true love to true lovers.

Finally, the fourth region was a melancholy cypress wood, among which roosted owls and ravens and other birds of evil omen, in order to display the fact that all earthly love leads but to death.

Each of these regions was surrounded by a wreath of myrtles, marvelously drawn, and with great subtlety of invention devised so as to meet the carved and gilded cornice, likewise composed of myrtles, which Ser Piero executed with singular skill, with his own hand.

In the middle of the panel Desiderio had represented Love, even as the poet has described: A naked youth, with wings of wondrous changing colors, enthroned upon a chariot, the axles and wheels of which were red gold, and covered with a cloth of gold, of such subtile device that

N° 428. — A PANEL (*5 ft. 8 in.* by *1 ft. 6 in.*). Formerly the front of a *Cassone* or coffer, intended to contain the garments and jewels of a bride.

SUBJECT: THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. — *(Umbrian School of the 15th century.)*

In the right hand corner is a half-effaced inscription:

DESIDER . DE CIVITATE LAC..... MF.... FECIT.

This valuable painting is unfortunately much damaged by damp and mineral corrosives, owing probably to its having contained at one time buried treasure. Bequeathed in 1878 by the widow of the Reverend Lawson Stone, late fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

CATALOGUE OF THE SMITH MUSEUM, BIRMINGHAM.

SER PIERO WAS ENTERTAINING HIS FRIENDS AT HIS VILLA NEAR SAN GIOVANNI

the whole chariot seemed really to be on fire.

On his back hung a bow and a quiver full of dreadful arrows, and in his hands he held the reins of four snow-white coursers, trapped with gold and breathing fire from their nostrils. Round his eyes was bound a kerchief fringed with gold, to show that Love strikes blindly; and from his shoulders floated a scroll inscribed with the words, "*Saevus Amor, hominum deorumque deliciae.*"

Round his car, some before, some behind, some on horseback and some on foot, crowded those who have been famous for their love. Here you might see, on a bay horse, with an eagle on his helmet, Julius Cæsar, who loved Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt; Mark Antony, who renounced a throne to die with this same Cleopatra; Sophronisba and Massinissa, in strange and rich Arabian garments; Orpheus, searching for Eurydice with his lute; Phaedra, who died for love of Hippolytus, her stepson; Rinaldo of Montalbano, who loved the fair Angelica; Socrates, Tibullus, Virgilius and other poets with Messer Francesco Petrarca and Messer Giovanni Boccaccio: Tristram, who drank the love potion, riding on a sorrel horse, and near him Isotta, wearing a turban of cloth of gold; and those lovers of Rimini and many more besides, the naming of whom would be too long, even as the poet has described.

And in the region of happy love among the laurels, Desiderio had painted his own likeness, red-haired, with a green hood falling on his shoulders; and this because he was to wed, next Saint John's Day, Maddalena, the only daughter of Ser Piero.

And among the unhappy lovers he painted, at his own request, Messer Troilo himself, for whom he was making this coffer. Messer Troilo was depicted in the character of Troilus the son of Priam of Troy; he was habited in armor, covered with a surcoat of white cloth of silver, embroidered with roses; by his side was his lance, and on his head a scarlet cap. Behind him were those who carried his falcon and led his hack, and men-at-arms with his banner, dressed in green and yellow particolored, with a scorpion embroidered in their doublet. From his lance floated a pennon, inscribed, "*Troilus sum servus Amoris.*"

But Desiderio refused to paint among the procession Monna Maddalena, Piero's daughter, who was to be his wife; because, he declared, it was not fit that modest damsels should lend their face to other folk. This he said because Ser Piero had begged him not to incense Messer Troilo, for in reality he had often portrayed Monna Maddalena (the which was marvelously lovely), though only, it is true, in the figure of our Lady, the Mother of God.

And the panel was ready by Ascension day, and Ser Piero had prepared the box, and the carvings, and gildings, griffins and chimeras, and acanthus leaves and myrtles, with the arms of Messer Troilo Baglioni, a most beautiful work. Maestro Cavanna of the gate of Saint Peter had made a lock and a key, of marvelous workmanship, for the same coffer.

Messer Troilo would come frequently, riding over from his castle of Fratta, and see the work while it was progressing; and entertain himself lengthily at the shop, speaking with benignity and wisdom wonderful in one so young, for he was only nineteen; which pleased the heart of Ser Piero: but Desiderio did not relish it, for which reason he was often gruff to Messer Troilo, and had many disputes with his future father-in-law.

For Messer Troilo Baglioni, called Barbacane, to

Nor Did Messer Troilo Neglect Opportunities of Seeing Ser Piero

SER PIERO AND HIS DAUGHTER, MONNA MADDALENA

distinguish him from another Troilo, his uncle, who was bishop of Spello, had cast his eyes on Maddalena de Ser Piero Bontempi.

He had seen the damsel for the first time on the occasion of the wedding festivities of his cousin, Grifone Baglioni, son of Ridolfo the elder, with Deianira degli Orsini: on which occasion marvelous things were done in the city of Perugia, both by the magnificent House of Baglioni, and the citizens: such as banquets, jousts, horse races, balls in the square near the cathedral, bull fights, allegories, both Latin and vulgar, presented with great learning and sweetness (among which was the fable of Perseus, how he freed Andromeda, written by master Giannozzo Belli,

A Troop of Horsemen Seized the Astonished Maddalena

Rector magnificus istæ universitatis) and triumphal arches, and other similar devices, in which Ser Piero Bontempi made many beautiful inventions, in company with Benedetto Bonfigli, Messer Fiorenzo di Lorenzo and Piero de Castro Plebis, whom the Holiness of Our Lord Pope Sixtus IV, afterwards summoned to work in his chapel in Rome.

On this occasion, I repeat, Messer Troilo Baglioni of Fratta, who was *unanimiter* declared to be a most beautiful and courteous youth of singular learning and prowess, and well worthy of this magnificent Baglioni family, cast his eyes on Maddalena di Ser Piero; and sent her, through his squire, the knot of ribbons off the head of a ferocious bull, whom he had killed *singulari vi ac virtute*.

Nor did Messer Troilo neglect other opportunities of seeing Ser Piero and especially the damsel, such as at church and at her father's home and shop, riding over from his castle at Fratta on purpose, but always *honestis valde modibus*, as the damsel showed herself very coy and refused all presents which he sent her.

Neither did Ser Piero prevent his honestly conversing with the damsel, fearing the anger of the magnificent family of Baglioni; but Desiderio di Citta del Lago, the which was affianced to Monna Maddalena, often had words with Ser Piero on the subject, and one day well-nigh broke the ribs of Messer Troilo's squire, whom he charged with carrying dishonest messages.

Now it so happened that Messer Troilo, as he was the most beautiful, benign and magnanimous of his magnificent family, was also the most cruel thereof and incapable of brooking delay or obstacles.

And being, as a most beautiful youth—he was only turned nineteen and the first down had not come to his cheeks and his skin was astonishingly white and smooth like a woman's—of a very amorous nature (of which many fables went, concerning the violence he had done to damsels and citizens' wives of Gubbio and Spello, and evil deeds in the castle of Fratta in the Appenines, some of which it is more seemly to pass in silence than to relate) being, as I say, of an amorous nature and greatly magnanimous and ferocious of spirit, Messer Troilo was determined to possess himself of this Maddalena di Ser Piero.

So, a week after having fetched away the wedding chest from Ser Piero's workshop (paying for it in duty in Florentine lilies), he seized the opportunity to grant his cruel wishes during the festivities of Saint John's Nativity, when it is the habit of the citizens to go to their gardens and vineyards to see how the country is going and eat and drink in honest converse with their friends.

For it so happened that the said Ser Piero, who was rich and prosperous, possessing a villa in the valley of the Tiber near San Giovanni, was entertaining his friends there, it being the eve of his daughter's wedding, peaceful and unarmed.

And a serving wench, a Moor and a slave, who had been bribed by Messer Troilo, proposed to Monna Maddalena and the damsels of the company that they refresh themselves, after picking flowers, playing with hoops, asking riddles and similar girlish games, by bathing in the Tiber, which flowed at the bottom of the orchard. To this the innocent virgin, full of joyousness, consented.

Hardly had the damsels descended into the river bed, the river being low and easy to ford, on account of the summer, when behold, there swept from the opposite bank a troop of horsemen, armed and masked, who seized the astonished Maddalena, and hurried off with her, vainly screaming, like another Proserpina, to her companions, who, surprised and ashamed at being seen with no garments, screamed in return but in vain. The horsemen galloped off through Bastia, and disappeared long before Ser Piero and his friends could come to the rescue.

Thus was Monna Maddalena cruelly taken from her father and bridegroom, through the amorous passion of Messer Troilo.

Ser Piero fell upon the ground, fainting for grief, and remained for several days like one dead; and when he came to, he wept, and cursed wickedly, and refused to take food, and sleep, and to shave his beard. But being old and prudent, and the father of other children, he conquered his grief, well knowing that it was useless to oppose Providence, or fight, being but a handicraftsman, with the magnificent family of Baglioni, lords of Perugia since many years, and as rich and powerful as they were magnanimous and implacable.

So that when people began to say that after all, Monna Maddalena might have fled willingly with a lover, and that there was no proof that the masked horsemen came from Messer Troilo (although those of Bastia affirmed that they had seen the green and yellow colors of Fratta, and the said Troilo came out near the town many months after), he never contradicted such words, out of prudence and fear. But Desiderio of Castiglione del Lago, hearing these words, struck the old man on the mouth till he bled.

And it came to pass, about a year after the disappearance of Monna Maddalena, and when (particularly as there had been a plague in the city, and many miracles had been performed by a holy nun of the convent of Santa Anna, the which fasted seventy days, and Messer Ascanio Baglioni had raised a company of horse for the Florentine Signiory in their war against those of Sienna), people had ceased to talk of the matter, that certain armed men, masked but wearing the colors of Messer Troilo and the scorpion on their doublet, rode over from Fratta, bringing with them a coffer wrapped in black baize, which they had deposited overnight on Ser Piero Bontempi's doorstep.

Ser Piero, going at daybreak to his workshop, found that coffer. Recognizing it as the same which he had made, with a panel representing the "Triumph of Love" and many ingenious devices of sculpture and gilding, for Messer Troilo called Barbacane, he trembled in all his limbs and went and called Desiderio; and with him privily carried the chest into a secret chamber in his house, saying not a word to any creature.

The key—a subtile piece of work of the smith Cavanna—was hanging to the lock by a green silken string, on to which was tied a piece of parchment containing these words: *"To Master Desiderio. A wedding gift from Troilo Baglioni of Fratta."*

The inscription was an allusion, doubtless, *ferox atque cruenta facetia* to the "Triumph of Love," according to Messer Francesco Petrarca, painted upon the lid of the coffer.

The lid being raised, they came to a piece of red cloth such as is used for mules, *etiam*, a fold of common linen. Below it was a coverlet of green silk which, being raised, their eyes were met (*Heu! infandam patri scelleratunque donum*) by the body of Monna Maddalena—naked as God had made it—dead, with two stabs in the neck, the long black hair tied with pearls but dabbled in blood; the which Maddalena was cruelly squeezed into that coffer, having on her breast the body of an infant, recently born, dead like herself.

When he beheld this sight, Ser Piero threw himself upon the floor and wept and uttered dreadful blasphemies. Desiderio of Castiglione del Lago said nothing, but dressed the body of Maddalena and put a cross in her hands. Then he called a brother of Ser Piero, a priest and prior of Saint Severus, and with his assistance carried the coffer into the garden.

This garden, within the walls of the city, on the side of Porta Eburnea, was pleasantly situated and abounding in flowers and trees, useful both for their fruit and their shade, and rich likewise in all such herbs as thyme, marjoram, fennel and many others that prudent housewives desire for their kitchen; all watered by stone canals, ingeniously constructed by Ser Piero, which were fed from a fountain, where you might see a mermaid squeezing the water from her breasts, a subtle device of the same Piero, and executed in a way such as would have done honor to Praxiteles, in soft stone from Monte Catria.

In this place Desiderio of Castiglione de Lago dug a deep grave under an almond tree, the which grave he carefully lined with stones and slabs of marble, which he tore up from the pavement, in order to diminish the damp, and then requested the priest, Ser Piero's brother who had helped him in the work, to fetch his sacred vestments and books and all necessary for consecrating the ground.

This the priest immediately did, being a holy man, and sore grieved for the case of his niece. Meanwhile, with the help of Ser Piero, Desiderio tenderly lifted the body of Monna Maddalena out of the wedding chest, washed it in odorous waters, and dressed it in fine linen and bridal garments, not without much weeping over the poor damsel's sad plight, and curses upon the cruelty of her ravisher: and having embraced her tenderly, they laid her once more in the box painted with the "Triumph of Love," upon folds of fine damask and brocade, her hands folded, and her head decently placed upon a pillow of silver cloth, a wreath of roses, which Desiderio himself plaited on her hair, so that she looked like a holy saint or the damsel Julia, daughter of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar, who was discovered buried on the Appian Way, and incontinently fell into dust, a marvelous thing.

They filled the chest with as many flowers as they could find, also sweet scented herbs, bay leaves, orris powder, frankincense, ambergris, and a certain gum called in Syrian *fizelis*, and by the Jews *barach*, in which they say the body of King David was kept intact from earthly corruption, and which the priest, the

DESIDERIO DRESSED THE BODY AND PUT A CROSS IN HER HANDS

brother of Ser Piero, who was learned in all alchemy and astrology had bought of certain Moors.

Then, with many alases and tears, they covered the damsel's face with an embroidered veil and a fold of brocade; and closing the chest, buried it in the hole among a great store of hay, straw and sand, and closed it up, smoothing the earth. To mark the place Desiderio planted a tuft of fennel under the almond tree. But not before having embraced the damsel many times, and taken a handful of earth from her grave and eaten it, with many imprecations upon Messer Troilo, which it was terrible to relate.

Then the priest, brother of Ser Piero, said the service of the dead, Desiderio serving him as acolyte; and they all went their way, grieving sorely.

But the body of the child, the which had been found in the wedding chest, they threw down a place near Saint Herculanus, where the refuse and offal and dead animals are thrown, called the Sardegna, because it was the illegitimate child of Ser Troilo *et infamiæ scelerisque partus.*

Then, as this matter got abroad, and also Desiderio's imprecations against Ser Troilo, Ser Piero, who was an old man and prudent, caused him to depart privily from Perugia, for fear of the wrath of the magnificent Orazio Baglioni, uncle of Messer Troilo and lord of the town.

Desiderio of Castiglione del Lago went to Rome, where he did wonderful things and beautiful, among others certain frescoes in Saints Cosmas and Damian for the Cardinal of Ostia. Thence he went to Naples, where he entered the service of the Duke of Calabria and followed his armies long, building fortresses and making machines and model for cannon and other ingenious and useful things.

And thus for seven years, until he heard that Ser Piero was dead at Perugia of a surfeit of eels, and that Messer Troilo was in the city, raising a company of horsemen with his cousin Astorre Baglioni for the Duke of Urbino. This was before the plague and the terrible coming to Umbria of the Spaniards and renegrade Moors under Cæsar Borgia, *Vicarius Sanctæ Ecclesiæ, seu vere Flagellum Dei et novus Attila.*

So Desiderio came back privily to Perugia and put up his mule at a small inn, having dyed his hair black and grown his beard after the manner of Easterners, saying he was a Greek coming from Ancona.

And he went to the priest, prior of Saint Severus and brother of Ser Piero and discovered himself unto him, who although old, had great joy in seeing him and hearing of his intent.

Desiderio confessed all his sins to the priest and obtained absolution and received the Body of Christ

He Entered the Services of the Duke of Calabria and Followed His Armies

with great fervor and compunction. Then the priest placed his sword on the altar, beside the Gospel, said mass and blessed it. Desiderio knelt and made a vow never to touch food, save the Body of Christ, till he could taste of the blood of Messer Troilo.

For three days and three nights he watched him and dogged him, but Messer Troilo rarely went unaccompanied by his men, because he had offended so many honorable citizens by his amorous fury. He knew that his kinsmen dreaded him, and would gladly be rid of him, on account of his ferocity and ambition, and their desire to unite the fief of Fratta to the other lands of the main line of the magnificent House of Baglioni, famous in arms.

But one day towards dusk, Desiderio saw Messer Troilo coming down a steep lane near Saint Herculanus, alone; for he was going to a woman of light fame, called Flavia Bella, the which was very lovely. So Desiderio threw some ladders from a neighboring mill, which was being built, and sacks across the road, and hid under an arch that spanned the lane, which was greatly steep and narrow.

Messer Troilo came down, on foot, whistling and paring his nails with a small pair of scissors. He was dressed in grey silk hose, and a doublet of red cloth and gold brocade pleated about the skirt and embroidered with seed pearl and laced with gold laces; and on his head he had a hat of scarlet cloth with many feathers; and his cloak and sword he carried under his left arm.

Messer Troilo was twenty-six years old, but seemed much younger, having no beard, and a face like Hyacinthus or Ganymede, whom Jove stole to be his cup-bearer, on account of his beauty. He was tall and very ferocious and magnanimous of spirit. And as he went, going to Flavia the courtesan, he whistled.

When he came near the heaped-up ladders and the sacks Desiderio sprang upon him, and tried to run his sword through him. But although wounded, Messer Troilo grappled with him long, but he could not get at his sword, which was entangled in his cloak, and before he could free his hand and get out his dagger, Desiderio had him down, and ran his sword three times through his chest, exclaiming: "This is from Maddalena, in return for her wedding chest!"

Messer Troilo, seeing the blood flowing from his chest, knew he must die, but merely said: "Which Maddalena? Ah! I remember, old Piero's daughter. She was always a cursed difficult wench."

And he died.

Desiderio stooped over his chest and lapped up the blood as it flowed: it was the first food he had tasted since taking the Blessed Sacrament, even as he had sworn.

Then Desiderio went straightway to the fountain under the arch of Saint Praexedis, where the women wash linen in the daytime, and cleansed himself a little of the blood, then he fetched his mule and hid it in some trees near Messer Piero's garden, and at night he opened the door, the priests having given him the key, and went in.

With a spade and mattock he had brought, he dug up the wedding chest with the body of Monna Maddalena in it; the which, owing to those herbs and virtuous gums, had dried up and become much lighter. He found the spot by looking for the fennel turf under the almond tree, which was then in bloom, it being spring.

Desiderio loaded the chest, which was mouldy and decayed, on the mule and drove the mule before him till he got to Castiglione del Lago, where he hid. And meeting certain horsemen, who asked him what he carried in that box, he answered, "My sweetheart," so they laughed and let him pass.

Thus he got safely into the Territory of Arezzo, an ancient city of Tuscany, where he stopped.

Now when they found the body of Messer Troilo, there was much astonishment and wonder. And his kinsmen were greatly wrath; but Messer Orazio and Messer Ridolfo, his uncles, said: "'Tis as well: for indeed his courage and ferocity were too great, and he would have done some evil to us all had he lived." But they ordered him a magnificent burial.

And when he lay in the street dead, many folks, particularly painters, came to look at him for his great beauty; and the women pitied him on account of his youth, and certain scholars compared him to Mars, God of War, so great was his strength and ferocity even in death. And he was carried to the grave by eight men-at-arms, and twelve damsels and youths dressed in white walked behind, strewing flowers, and there was much splendor and lamentation on account of the great power of the magnificent House of Baglioni.

As regards Desiderio of Castiglione del Lago, he remained at Arezzo till his death, preserving with him always the body of Monna Maddalena in the wedding chest, painted with the "Triumph of Love," because he considered she had died in *odore magnæ sanctitatis*.

(THE END)

"AH! I REMEMBER." AND HE DIED

"JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE"

—*National Museum of England*

Painted by Titian

"The Woodland Bath" —*Weimar Gallery*

Painted by Ludwig von Hofmann

Bathing for Health and Beauty

By Dr. Millicent G. Laevey

UNLESS you know about the different kinds of baths and their effect upon health and beauty, you are not getting your full share of life. It is not enough to disrobe and get into the tub or under the shower so many times a day or a week. Keeping clean is the most important reason for bathing, but certainly not the only reason.

Try this some time when your nerves are jumpy and you feel restless or irritable or on the edge of a cold and fever: Fill the tub with water between 90 and 100 degrees Fahrenheit, testing it with a bath thermometer to make sure it is the right temperature, and leisurely soak yourself in it as long as you care to—even for hours.

There are many kinds of baths in addition to plain water ablutions. For instance, in ancient Rome the wife of Julius Caesar bathed in goats' milk. Whenever she traveled a herd of she-goats was driven along in her baggage train. In some primitive tribes the young men and women bathed in the blood of fresh-killed steers upon entering maturity as a mark of consecration somewhat like Christian baptism. Wine baths among the idle rich of bygone days are too well known to need description here.

In modern methods of naturopaths air baths, sun baths and even mud baths are very common and frequently beneficial. So are electrical baths. Balneotherapeutics, or treatment by medical or mineral baths, is usually over-rated. The percentage of cures effected this way probably is not large.

The choice of toilet soap is of minor importance, provided it is manufactured by a reliable concern. It makes little difference whether your cake floats or sinks, is white or colored, fragrant or odorless, medicated or non-medicated, rectangular or curved, beautifully wrapped or sold in cheap cardboard boxes. The best soap or the worst may have any or several of these qualities. The point is: Be sure it is free from injurious chemicals.

Bath salts may be used to advantage as an indoor substitute for ocean bathing. They invigorate lifeless skin and strengthen the powers of resistance to heat and cold, besides acting as a healing tonic for abrasions, minor skin eruptions, etc. For the woman who wants to reduce, bath salts are particularly recommended.

I have already indicated the treatment for nervousness, the neutral bath, which is so helpful that it is used freely in the psychopathic wards of hospitals. The treatment is equally advisable for temporary or chronic conditions. Warm water, if not too warm, almost always produces a favorable reaction.

This soothes the skin and nerves because it is the temperature of bodily heat and necessitates no readjustment. Its effects are confined to the peripheral extremities of the nerves.

The effects of such treatment are rejuvenation to a marked degree. But don't catch cold while dressing after the bath. Sometimes it is better to go straight to bed as soon as you can dry yourself and slip into night clothing. If you do stay up, however, remain indoors, away from drafts.

The above treatment, if taken in time, can nearly always prevent a threatened attack of influenza and is a valuable aid in averting or combating nervous diseases.

The hot foot bath is ideal for a bad cold or even a mild cold that is likely to develop into a worse one. In connection with the foot-bath take a hot drink of unsweetened strong lemonade or flaxseed tea, a thorough purge and a massage of the neck and chest, using camphorated oil or a mentholated ointment sold for that purpose. In order to get the benefit of such treatment, go to bed immediate-

"The Bather" —The Louvre, Paris
Painted by E. Dubufe, Fils

"THE LAST RAYS"

—Liverpool Gallery of Art
Painted by Paul Chabas

ly afterward and keep under warm covers. After sweating much of the poisonous matter out of your body you will probably wake up in fine physical condition.

While on the subject of colds I would like to add parenthetically that another easy way to break up an incipient cold is to take soda bicarbonate (common baking soda) at the rate of about a level spoonful an hour for two or three hours. And, above all, do not overeat: especially avoid rich, sweet or pasty foods. A large glass of pure orange juice (nothing else) is an ideal meal for one with a cold.

Returning to milady's bath, it is unfortunately necessary to remind a great many girls and women (and, of course, men also!) of the psysiological and psychological need for cleanliness. Frequent washing with soap and warm water is the only way to keep the pores of the skin from becoming stopped up by their own secretions or by desquamations of cuticle.

The feeling of cleanliness is both physical and mental. Besides toning up the system, it gives you the consciousness of well-being and a large amount of self respect.

Washing in plain water was popular long before civilization and may be just as popular long after civilization is dead—if, indeed, the race outlives civilization. I am not making any prophesies, I am merely pointing out that the value of water for abstersion has always been recognized.

As a rule savage tribes practice cold-water bathing. Civilized races prefer warm water. When the process of bathing becomes complicated and enervating, it is a sure sign that the individual or the nation has degenerated.

In the old Roman Empire the Caesars built enormous public baths to appease the disgruntled populace. Some of these were a quarter of a mile long on each side, and contained as many as 3,200 marble seats for the bathers. Gymnasia and even theatres were included within their walls.

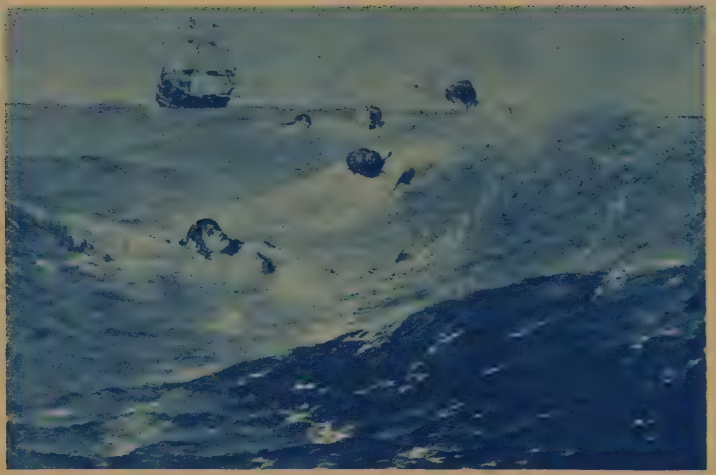
Bathing became an all-day process for the voluptuaries. The architecture and furnishings of the public baths were magnificent almost beyond the dreams of avarice. "To such a pitch of luxury have we reached," says Seneca, "that we are dissatisfied if we do not tread on gems in our baths."

The elaborate use of oils, pomades and massages would have sickened a modern American girl. The frequency of bathing, as practiced in old Rome, is also disgusting. Some of the emperors and women of the court took complete baths seven or eight times a day.

In the days of the Roman Republic there were separate bath houses for the sexes. Even a father was forbidden to bathe with his son. During the empire, however, promiscuous bathing was common and the lawmakers apparently saw no harm in this practice. Nevertheless, it is recorded that modest maidens and prudent matrons—both rich and poor—refused to visit the public baths.

Returning to the therapeutic value of bathing, I want to give a few simple rules. When fatigued try a very brief and very hot bath or foot-bath. An alternating hot and cold shower or spray is a good tonic for the skin. The most restful bath is lukewarm; such baths can be borne for hours with impunity, and are valuable for insomnia. Turkish baths and other forms of sweating are useful when the system is clogged up or the flesh is fat and flabby, provided they are not overdone. Probably the most enjoyable form of bathing is swimming, whether it be in a pool, river, lake or ocean.

In general, efficient bathing is a pleasure as well as a duty and necessity. And don't forget a brisk rub-down with a coarse Turkish towel.



"In Strange Seas" —Metropolitan Museum of Art
Painted by George W. Maynard

HEALTH and beauty queries are answered in these columns without charge. No names of correspondents will be published. Address Dr. Millicent G. Laevey, care of Art Lovers' Magazine, 15 Park Row, New York City.

* * * *

Is there a permanent remedy for superfluous hair?

None that I know of. The inventor of a safe and permanent hair remover would become a millionaire, especially because millions of men would gladly pay generously for something that would do away with the bother of shaving for the rest of their lives.

* * * *

What will develop a shapely bust?

Usually when the breasts are flabby, the whole system is run down from lack of exercise or wrong eating habits, except in the case of advanced years. Follow a regimen of diet, calisthenics, etc., for building up the system.

Exercise regularly and persistently the muscles that pull the breasts up into position, particularly any action of the arms and shoulders that tends to broaden the chest. Swimming is very good. Don't use tight brassieres; they do more harm than good. Massage the breasts morning and evening, being careful to use an upward motion rather than a downward one. Dashing very cold water on the chest after exercising is very helpful in toning up the muscles. Olive oil or cocoa butter or cold cream may be used in the massaging if desired.

Here are three exercises you should follow every morning and evening:

(1.) Stand erect with hands clasped at waistline on left side of body. The exercise consists of pushing strongly to the right against the resistance of the right hand. When the clasped hands reach the right side of the body, reverse the movement by pushing with the right hand to the left against strong resistance from the left hand. Repeat until tired.

(2.) Stand erect, with arms held out at each side at shoulder level. Tense the muscles. Slowly cross the arms in front, still at shoulder level, and extend stiffly, with elbows straight. Return to starting position. Repeat.

(3.) Fold arms over chest, raise elbows to shoulder level, clench fists. Now pull the arms apart and out straight slowly, keeping muscles tense all the time. Reverse motion and repeat.

If your breasts are in need of reducing, the exercise should be followed by alternating hot and cold spongings for about five minutes, then bathe in cold salt water. Dry vigorously with a rough towel.

* * * *

Do you advise the use of cough drops?

Some are harmless, but many contain opiates which inhibit the salutary coughing reflex and prolong the case. It is safer not to use any kind of cough drops.

Some years ago Rembrandt's "Toilet of Bathsheba" was sold by auction in Paris for $200,000. In 1814 the same picture changed hands for $500.

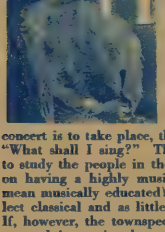
"Come, See the North Wind's Masonry"—*Emerson*

The Thrill That Comes Once a Year

The Price of a Singing Career

By Edna Estwald, *Danish Soprano*

—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



HOW much does the average public know about the singer and his or her art? Not very much, I am afraid. The public, as a rule, contents itself largely with what is pleasant to the ear and eye, and perhaps it doesn't even know what it cares to hear.

This latter, in particular, is what makes it so difficult to select proper programs. Whenever a concert is to take place, the first question one asks is: "What shall I sing?" The artist immediately begins to study the people in the locality. If one can count on having a highly musical audience (by musical I mean musically educated) then it is easy; one can select classical and as little song music as one cares to. If, however, the townspeople are not particularly interested in music, then the problem becomes rather difficult; one must select popular things that will attract attention and meet with proper understanding.

The requirements a singer must possess to embark upon a successful career include a voice of unusual pleasing quality, personality, temperament, a good appearance and an almost unlimited financial backing.

A few people are born with such a personality that they impress you no matter what they do; the others are not so fortunate. Personality can be developed, however, through education and study, bring in contact with many people, having to face responsibilities, or travel to get a broader view on the world in general. Then we may acquire a personality that is forceful, magnetic, sympathetic or just merely pleasing; but personality we *must* have, it is as essential as voice. This explains why some singers are very successful though not gifted with exceptional voices.

Next, a singer must have an emotional temperament, must be able to *feel* the different moods and give them vocal expression in such a manner that the audience will understand. Endowed with a dramatic sense, the singer can play a great deal upon the hearer's emotions.

Having at his or her command correct expression and interpretation, the singer must also have unerring technical ability in handling the voice. The more technique a singer has, the better he can give a message to the audience.

Technique can be acquired only through long years of study, many times, alas! with inefficient teachers. Often the singer has to retrace his or her steps and spend more time and money to learn the art of singing and develop the voice.

Besides singing lessons the songbird needs to play and understand at least one instrument, preferably the piano, which means taking piano lessons. Then there are counterpoint and theory, musical history, languages, dramatic art and, later on, coaching. All this means that anyone who starts out for a singing career must have a strong financial backing, as the price of lessons in the various studies to be taken up run from five dollars up to twenty-five. Every study should receive at least two lessons a week, which, after all, is very little study, as two half-hour lessons weekly only amount to forty hours a year with the teacher.

Besides studies, the proper diet and exercise for the singer must not be neglected. Personally, I prefer golf. I find it excellent for keeping in good condition. The golfswing is wonderful exercise for the diaphragm and intercostal muscles, and the oxygen one inhales for three or four hours is very beneficial. It is essential for the singer to keep in good health, as the least indisposition may keep him or her from valuable study or important engagements.

Having successfully weathered all these conditions, the singer is immediately confronted with new problems. He or she must find the right manager and make a successful debut in New York, which costs from $800 to $1,000.

In order to get engagements for an unknown artist, the manager must advertise, which again means more money. However, if the aspirant does gain recognition, it is well worth every trouble and heartache he or she has suffered, because, to the singer, there is no greater reward than the hearty and sincere appreciation of the public.

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Some young artist needed it for his studies.
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for art lovers everywhere.

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Butterflies

RAINBOW kisses trembling by!
Whisp'ring o'er the lilac tree,
Living color drifting high!
Soulful in thy frailty!

* * * *

Dreams

JUST my head to rest
On thy breast.
Whisper thee "Forgive!"
Beg thy love outlive
All the past.

Love and life consign
They are thine!
Feel thine arms enfold,
See thine eyes so cold
Smile at last!

Claim thee! Thou art mine!
I am thine!
And thy hand in mine,
Prisoner divine!
Hold thee fast!

* * * *

Message

ALONE,
I whisper your name
To the night,
The wind
Kisses you the same
In its flight;
Maybe,
In its singing low,
You will hear
Your name
Called softly and know
I am near.

* * * *

The End

QUICKLY, beloved!
The moments fly;
Again thy lips!
Each breath I sigh
Is richly lost
If I should die
In kissing thee!

Look into mine eyes
I cannot see!
The fading light
Is hiding thee!
Give me thy hand
And comfort me;
I am afraid.

"In the Studio"

—Berlin National Gallery
Painted by G. Papperitz

"Travelers in the Streets of Delhi" *Painted by E. L. Weeks*

America's Progress Toward Artistic Dancing

By Lora Shadurskaya, *Russian Prima Ballerina*

WHEN I came to America about four years ago I found dancing—the good type—was not particularly in favor with the American public. Nearly every evening I went to some theatre, vaudeville, moving picture house or concert hall and the alleged dancing I saw at most of those places I would not call *dancing*, but just stunts more fit for the circus ring than for the stage.

The audiences, however, seemed to like it very much. Every difficult stunt got hearty applause and excited keen interest. It seemed to me that good dancing, if it happened to be classical, interpretive or character, or any kind belonging to the art of Terpsichore, was not appreciated at all. People wanted stunts. When they saw hard work and a possibility of the performer breaking his neck for their amusement, they would like it immensely. Such performers would always create a sensation.

I have never been able to understand why that type of work is called dancing, for it gives a wrong meaning to the word "dance," so much so that when many people talk of dancing they picture acrobatic stunts—a performer standing on one ear or something of that order.

Soon after I came to America I organized a little concert troupe. We played complete ballets during a whole evening. From beginning to end they carried the same story and some called for no change of costume.

How it hurt me when I would hear from people in the different cities the same thing over and over: "Your ballet is wonderful and we like it very much, but we think it a little monotonous," or "all the way through you use the same costumes," or "your costumes are very good, but we think it would be better if they were not so elaborate but would have more variety." I would tell them that the story of my ballet does not need a change of costume, as otherwise the story would be broken. They would answer: "Oh, we think it would be perfectly all right and a few changes of costume will not hurt much. Let us tell you, Madame, you do not know American people. They like variety and they will excuse you for breaking the story of your ballet, but they will not excuse you for using the same costumes all the evening. Give them variety, for that is what they want."

My heart was broken, but just the same I did not give them variety.

Newspaper criticisms of our ballet in every city were about the same and complaints were the same. This is a typical example, from *The Enquirer*, Cincinnati, four years ago:

Shadurskaya and Kuderoff

Management Ernest Briggs, N. Y.

"Certainly nothing quite like it has ever come to Cincinnati before. That the production has met with the favor of discriminating Cincinnati theatregoers is attested by the hearty applause that invariably follows each number. There are two pretentious ballets, and Oriental Fantasy and an Egyptian number in which Shadurskaya and her co-stars share the honors. Each is a fascinating creation of the interpretative type. The Egyptian ballet closes the first part of the evening's program and depicts the religious ceremonies of ancient Egypt, as given in the temples of the gods. The work of the principals and ballet girls was highly artistic last night. The Oriental Fantasy, the second part of the evening's performance, a trifle too long, nevertheless is an entrancing playet in motion, portraying a dream that comes to a tired prince of the Orient in which the flowers come to life. The costuming is exceptionally good."

It happens that this time they did not complain about the costumes, but they complain about the length of the ballet. They think no matter how beautiful it is, it is too much to sit all evening and see just dancing. In every city we found the same complaints: Costumes beautiful, but not changed often enough, or dancing beautiful, but a trifle too long.

That was four years ago, when in the people's favor circus tricks were appreciated more than dancing, and when they enjoyed a variety of apparel more than one set of good artistic costumes through the whole evening.

Now when I look back at the past four years I see progress, rapid progress, toward good artistic dancing. For example, in Chicago, where I have made my headquarters since coming to this country, I found few dancing schools; but look now and you will see in most every street signs advertising ballet schools. That means more people want to study and are interested in dancing. Also, four years ago in the presentations of the movie houses there were only singers and comedians, but now almost every week in movie houses where there is a stage you will find solo dancers or little ballets, and good ones, too.

I hear with joy people applaud a good toe number or any artistic dancing that is without tricks. Also, I am pleased when I notice that people do not patronize artists who do circus tricks as enthusiastically as they did four years ago. That means the public taste has improved in the direction of good dancing.

In my country, Russia, we have regular all-evening ballet performances every week and to get tickets for these performances is not easy. The house is always sold out many days ahead of time. Ballet is alternated with opera during the theatrical season, so you see ballet has a very big place in the art of Russia.

I hope some day it will be the same way in America an dthat the American people will lift the ballet to a high state. Right now the ballet scarcely has a place among the arts in the United States. People do not recognize it as high beautiful art, nor treat it with the same respect as they treat the sculpture, music and singing. But some day I hope and believe they will, and it would be the happiest day in my life.

"The Force of Vulcan"

—Berlin Gallery

Painted by Louis Corinth

—De Mirjian Art Study

GERTRUDE CROUCH, *Artists' Model, One of the Beauties in Ea : Carroll's "Vanities"*

The Allied Arts Club—a New Idea

Individual Success Through Co-operative Activities

By Mrs. Ella Iles, *President of the Club*
Illustrations by Howard Kohlbrenner

FUTURE historians will probably designate this as an age of confusion, judging from the large number and variety of "movements" bidding for public consideration. Innovation is the order of the day. Unrest is apparent everywhere. Traditional doctrines are being scrutinized for signs of weakness, and no field of human endeavor has escaped this disturbing influence. Science, religion, philosophy, even the esthetic arts, are subject to a passion for change.

One of the most promising effects of this unrest is a revival of interest in art, by which I mean all the various branches of literature, music, drama, etc., in addition to the graphic and plastic arts. It is important to direct the energy generated by this turmoil into constructive channels.

If you are unfamiliar with the difficulties of the artist struggling to increase his skill and place his wares before the public, you may believe that present art organizations and methods are entirely satisfactory.

Alluring gestures invite the prospective student to journey with this or that expert or system down the royal road to fame and fortune. Alas, such journeys too often end in futility, and as a result many talented persons are deterred from entering the art field by the bitter experiences of those who have traveled the wrong road before them.

The chief fault in most of the systems designed to aid the artist is lack of vision; I reached this conclusion after a number of discouragements.

A concrete example will illustrate the disillusionment that so often follows an attempt to advance by the ordinary methods. Several years ago a metropolitan college announced a new course in a certain art, in the interpretive branch of which I had already had considerable professional experience but had been forced by circumstances to discontinue the work. However, I had developed an intense interest in the creative side of it.

I matriculated in the first class, along with about 125 other enthusiasts. Finishing the lessons without having gained what I was seeking, I took an advanced course the following season. This, too, was disappointing, and the net result of the venture was disillusionment, not only for me but for many others. Those who had, through previous training, acquired some knowledge of literary or dramatic theory and practice were able to detect many misleading statements and were amazed at the narrow conception of those who sought to teach.

Some of my fellow students had better ideas on the subjects than the instructors themselves. This was particularly true in the case of a gentleman who sat next to me in class. He really possessed depth of understanding and grasp of basic principles.

I mention this friend because, in collaboration, we worked out a co-operative plan to solve many of the aspiring artist's problems. This plan, I have been assured, is unique, chiefly because of its potentialities. It gives the individual the resources and coordinated efforts of many others interested in his ambition, for his success means advancement of their own.

The idea was the result of a conviction that if the experiences of a group could be rendered available to each member, the result would be vastly more beneficial than mere attendance at a series of more or less stereotyped lectures.

Mrs. Ella Iles

It seemed probable that with free discussion and criticism under proper guidance, greater progress would be made than was possible under ordinary classroom procedure, where many points are imperfectly grasped by the student.

The outcome of this reasoning was the formation of a small group of students who were disgusted with formal courses of study. At a meeting in my home, attended by professional and amateur painters, writers, musicians, actors, etc., steps were taken to organize what is now known as the Allied Arts Club.

At Eleventh and Locust streets, Philadelphia, on the edge of what promises to be a second Greenwich Village, rooms were obtained. We have a picturesque winding staircase

"The Galleon." *A Good Example of Pen-and-Ink and Wash Drawing by Howard Kohlbrenner, of Philadelphia. The Original Is Beautifully Colored*

"DECORATIVE PANEL" *Pen-and-Ink and Water Colors*

and red brick fireplace. Our quarters look out from under a sloping brow of red tin, through small-paned windows, upon a neighborhood of customers' shops, quaint restaurants and tea rooms and the like, some of them housed in converted stables that in days gone by sheltered the proud and pampered horses of Philadelphia society.

There, in a neighborhood rich in tradition, cooperative efforts toward self-expression are being worked out. The painter strives to materialize his dreams through line and color, the musician through harmonious sounds, the dramatist through the spoken word, pantomime and scenery, etc., yet all have a common aim—the production of definite idea-emotional effects upon their fellow-beings.

That each can help the other is being proven by experience. Take the case of a playwright and follow his work. The literary department director maps out a program, with the approval of the board of governors, and sets aside certain evenings for dramatic study. All who register for these meetings are expected to attend regularly, whether they be attracted from a purely cultural standpoint or from the creative urge.

There are informal lectures, perhaps illustrated by an analysis of a play—possibly one written by a member. Following this is a round-table discussion.

When a member writes a play, the director and a committee read it. If it is sufficiently good they recommend it to the board of governors. This body, if favorably impressed, will approve it for production.

The play now goes to the production department, whose head consults the stage director, casting director, etc. Matters of scenery, music, lighting, dancing and all other arts and sciences involved are taken up with directors of the various departments and worked out simultaneously. The scenery, for instance, is painted by Howard Kohlbrenner, a graduate of the School of Industrial Art, who did all the sketches and paintings used to illustrate this write-up. Mr. Kohlbrenner is supervisor of our art department.

A play can be staged best when the workers thoroughly grasp underlying principles. During rehearsals the author, director of literature, stage manager and others experiment continually until they are satisfied the production is as near perfection as they can make it.

Every member is interested, even though not directly involved, for he realizes that his associates are getting recognition for their efforts and that his own turn will come later. In furthering the interests of the Allied Arts, they are helping themselves.

An orchestra is the latest contribution of the music department. It furnishes the music for our plays and concerts, and also is available for work outside the organization. We would be glad to hear from all who desire the services of an orchestra in or near Philadelphia.

History is replete with incidents which prove that Genius does not discriminate as to class or creed, place or time when choosing the person in whom she will be born. From time to time in those who come to us there is clearly discernable the existence of this divine spark. We must breathe upon it the breath of inspiration and encouragement, and tend it carefully until some day it shall burst into a glow of truth and beauty that will illuminate the way along the dark

places for those who struggle toward better things.

Stories are being *lived* in our association, and no doubt some of them will furnish the ideas for plays, novels, and short stories from the pens of our writers. One of our writers I know expects to use an idea that came to him while looking at the pictures in our art exhibit.

We are young yet, but we are growing. What we have accomplished, the projects we are now working on, and our plans for the future are most encouraging. Some arrangements for placing the products and talent of our members have been completed; other connections are being negotiated.

We want more members, both active and associate. The only requirements are good character and sympathy with our ideals. We would like to get in touch with all those we can help and those who can help us. Together we can do much toward bringing order in places where confusion now reigns. I will be glad to answer all queries for information addressed to the Allied Arts Club, Eleventh and Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

A talent discovered, developed and directed into constructive channels of expression is a force tremendous in its possibilities for good. A talent undiscovered, undeveloped, undirected and uncontrolled is still a force; but very often like a river dammed and not provided with the proper means to care for the overflow, it finds outlets in undesirable directions and leaves destruction and ruin in its wake.

The best way to discover, develop and direct into the proper channels that inward insistent urge to self-expression is a very real problem, particularly to the young man or woman with a leaning toward the fields of art, literature, drama and music. But fortunately the opportunities for assistance are greater than they formerly were.

POSTER *Pen-and-Ink and Water Colors*

Co-operative organizations whose aim is to assist the struggling and doubtful student in these fields of endeavor are growing in power and usefulness, and he who is really in earnest in his desire to advance himself along these lines can do no better than affiliate himself with one of these movements designed to render available to each member the knowledge and experience of all the other members.

In this manner the student is encouraged and stimulated by direct contact with others of the kind who mean to succeed, who know the value of help and who, therefore, appreciate and understand the ambitions of their fellows.

Many persons, after they have reached the age of maturity, when enjoying an art exhibition, a play, a music recital or some good book, express, perhaps rather apologetically, keen regret that they had never developed the talent which they felt slumbered within. Isn't there something pathetic about this? We will agree that there is especially, if as is doubtless the case, we, too, have experienced this longing.

Does it not seem reasonable that this is an indication of the actual existence of latent talent? Is it not reasonable to suppose that the individual who has experienced this urge to self-expression would be a better man or woman, a better husband or wife, friend and citizen if a proper outlet were provided for their repressed energy?

In the light of new discoveries regarding the mind and its activities we are compelled to admit that certain forms of repression are harmful to the individual,

regardless of what our previous opinions and beliefs concerning such things may have been.

Much has been said and written about the undesirability, the loss, the economic and social waste resulting from the attempt to make square pegs fit into round holes.

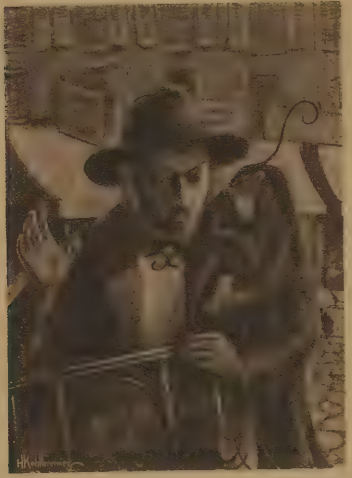
Just how much of unnecessary friction and conflict in all phases of life is due to this cause is probably impossible to calculate. But it seems likely that the total is far larger than casual inspection reveals.

Those whose talents lie in the field of art, literature and drama face a problem in their efforts to develop these gifts which differs very materially from that which confronts the beginner in the business or technical professions.

The peculiar combination of spiritual or mental qualifications which we call talent in the domains of art, literature and drama are such as to make it necessary to handle their development in an entirely different manner.

Of course there are schools for the training of the novice in these lines just as there are in other lines, but the best are expensive and very often the people who find their interest centered in these activities do not have either the time or money to spend on formal courses in the regular schools or colleges. Especially is this true of a very large class, who find it necessary to earn their living in other occupations, while preparing for entry into their chosen fields.

Fortunately we progress in this direction just as we do in others, and there are now many opportunities for the student artist and writer that did not exist even a very few years ago.



"The Organ Grinder" *Charcoal Illustration*

"The Miser" *Pen-and-Ink Illustration*

Moonlight in a China Shop

By Sterling North, in *Verse*

WHEN through the windows peers a great, green moon,
Painting shadow pictures on the floor
Then the China empress sings a haunting little tune
That the China boys have often heard before,—
Sings for the China boys that spin a china top
Year after year in the little china shop.
Porcelain empress on a teak-wood throne
Listens to the moonlight, then she takes her tone. . . .

Shower of almond blossoms on a green jade slope,
Unlighted junk on a black, black river,
Fire-breathing dragon that would make a prophet shiver.
Buddha sat indifferent, watching me, the empress, die;
Lover in the almond trees, thieves on the river;
To the fire-breathing dragon I was sacrificed with singing,—
Wind in the almond trees, whispering a sigh;

I am the idol my tearful lover made
By the black, black river in the almond shade. . . .

Heedless China boys spin their tireless china top
While cool green moonlight floods the little china shop.

—Courtesy Ernest Briggs, N. Y.

MARGOT, *Champion Ice Skater, the Embodiment of Grace and Skill*

Personality and Dancing

By NICHOLAS TSUKALAS, *Greek Classic Dancer*

DANCING, in all its branches, is one of the finest developers of personality of which one can partake. Dancing is exercise and amusement combined. It is the only divertisement that combines emotional expression with nervous relaxation and muscular exertion. Dancing produces a mental and physical equilibrium; it restores the child in us.

Dancing was considered wicked in the Puritan days because it produced such a high feeling of enjoyment and exhilaration. Anything that produced such a joy was surely of the devil, according to narrow minded teachers of things spiritual.

The ancient Grecks, at the height of their civilization, ranked dancing with the arts of poetry and music. We find Socrates at the age of sixty learning to dance from Aspasia. Lycurgus, the famous Spartan legislator, had a special part of his warlike exercises devoted to dancing. The great sculptors of that time immortalized the beauty of movement and pose in their works.

There is no emotion or joy, either spiritual or mental, that can under any circumstances take the place of dancing, or even compare with it. To dance is natural. Children begin to dance almost as soon as they can stand on their feet. The playful movements of young animals are but expressions of ecstatic feelings. The birds flutter and dance to the song of their mates, and even the trees sway to and fro to the gentle music of the winds.

It has been my privilege as a ballet master to watch the effects of dancing upon the personality. Attention and concentration, two of the most difficult faculties than can be taught, were easily attained through the study and practice of dancing. To dance a figure to any music the pupil has to pay attention to the rhythm in the music, and at the same time concentrate upon the figure to be executed. In this manner the mind of the pupil performs two separate actions at the same time, that of listening to the music, and that of causing the body to act in a prescribed movement.

The most noted personalities of the stage attribute much of their personal magnetism to dancing. You seldom find a star of either sex who is not a dance enthusiast. You'll find many of them going beyond the social side of the dance, and delving into the mysteries of the classical and pantomimic.

Dancing develops personal magnetism through its tendency to cause the body to secrete more creative energies. In the final analysis, personal magnetism is but the result of extra creative energies being stored up in the personality, and caused to heighten the effect of every expression that takes place in the personality.

Harmonious movements cause the creative energies in the personality to increase and be more evenly distributed throughout the system. When this is accomplished, we are not apt to be onesided, nor are we more apt to permit one faculty or function to use up more than its share of energy. We all know that in order that the body be kept perfect a few simple daily exercises are needed. Dancing supplies this exercise more effectively than it could be taken in any other manner.

When we understand, however, the effects of dancing upon the personality, we shall make conscious use of its results. Instead of merely arousing an enormous amount of creative energy to be wasted on significant actions, we shall take special care that the added energy is stored up, making us more magnetic and more attractive.

Combine self-development with everything that you do. When you practice alone, or dancing before an audience, become conscious of joy, love and purity. Blend all these feelings into one supreme emotion, and let that supreme emotion be the essence, the spirit, and the background of your bodily movements. You should remember that the thoughts and feelings you entertain while dancing, go out and cause the audience to feel likewise. This is the only difference between moral and immoral dancers.

"THE WARRIOR"

Posed by Nicholas Tsukalas

There are people whom

THE BEAUTY OF CLASSIC DANCING ILLUSTRATED BY TSUKALAS AND ZOE LEWIS

to dance with is heaven. Their presence envelops you, soothes you, purifies you, heals you, and raises you from your lower self, to the higher and the sublime.

To dance with such people is really just like taking a cleansing, reviving and purifying bath. It leaves us clean and refreshed.

Dancing, scientifically applied, can cause the most plain personality to appear charming and magnetic. In the development of the personality therefore, we must not overlook this important factor, but must try to put the principle involved to use at every opportunity.

"The Holy Family" *Painted by Ludwig Knauss*

Christmas Wishes

By Andre Theuriet

I LIKE to loiter along the docks in every season, for it is there that one fully enjoys the ever-changing Parisian scenery. The water, the sky, the trees and the architecture, all blend harmoniously to delight the mind of the artist. The other afternoon, in my aimless wanderings, on entering the Flower Market, I ran into a young fir tree leaning against the railing, its green crest and its feet wrapped in a sack. I remembered that we were approaching Christmas eve, and that this fir tree was destined to become a Christmas tree.

Green pine tree from where do you come? On what mountain slope or on what clearing has grown your resinous stem? Were you born on one of those summits of the Vosges where one can both see the territory that has remained French, and that which is no more ours?

You have been taken away very young from your native soil, and here you are thrown, shivering and uprooted, on the pavements of a strange city. Your growth has been arrested and you will no more spread your delicate branches among the green crests of the forests. You will be decorated with ribbons and tinsels, they will hang on your branches toys of all shapes and colors. and during Christmas eve, in a brilliantly lighted parlor, you will be a fairy tree to the wondering gaze of the children.

A fir tree of the forest, enter into that new world like a green fairy from the forest! Blow into those Parisian lungs a little of the healthy and bracing air that blows up younder on the mountain top where you have left your brothers, the free pine trees of the Vosges.

Infuse into this little world that your coming will rejoice, the love of the simplicity and of sincerity, two qualities which are no more thought of in this time. Tell them the world is not as people report it, and that life is neither good nor bad in itself—it is what we make it.

If during Christmas Eve, O pine tree, you murmur all this in the ears of the young as well as to the older people assembled around you, if you fill all Paris with these thoughts that you have brought from the forests, you will not have been uprooted in vain from your birthplace.

This, then, is your holy mission. Do this, O pine tree, and you will have bestowed upon the boys and girls and upon their elders a true appreciation of the spiritual meaning of Yuletide—something far deeper than the glittering baubles which will adorn your green branches.

You will have given to the children of men the most beautiful and most precious Christmas gift, and while outside will ring the bells for midnight mass, we will be able around your green perfumed branches, to sing the anthem of the angels, *"Hosanna in the highest, and peace on earth, good will toward men!"*

"The Yuletide Plum Pudding"

—Loaned to Metropolitan Museum of Art by Randolph Macon Woman's College

"MEN OF THE DOCKS" *Painted by George Wesley Bellows*

Of Interest to the Art World

BELLOWS' choice of subjects might not be approved by police officials or so-called purity leagues, but his bold masterful rendition of primitive emotions and his artistic judgment placed him with America's immortals beyond the reach of mud-slinging censors. Anthony Comstock would turn over in his grave if he could but see a few of the 145 paintings, drawings and lithographs of George Wesley Bellows which the Metropolitan Museum of Art has crowned, figuratively speaking, with deathless laurel.

For in the Bellows memorial exhibition, now at the Metropolitan Museum, there are works of art showing bloody prize fights, the electrocution of a murderer, a negro being burned at the stake, a dance in a madhouse, unashamed nudes, a satire on a village prayer meeting, a ludicrous interpretation of the Rev. "Billy" Sunday and a number of others which under a Calvinistic regime, would have been publicly burned by the hangman.

Fortunately, in art circles there is more culture and enlightenment than in the ranks of professional muckrakers, and when Bellows daringly gives us cross sections of life his works are safe within the sanctuary of a great museum.

Mr. Bellows died last January at the age of 42, in the prime of a virile and useful career, "while the shadows were still falling toward the west." He was no bookworm, no "mouse of the scrolls," but caught glimpses of life itself and beautifully, sympathetically expressed them with the pencil, brush and lithographer's crayon. He wrote, too—words that thrilled and helped his fellow artists—for *The American Art Student and Commercial Artist* and other publications.

In assembling his works in the memorial exhibition, the Metropolitan accords to Mr. Bellows a distinction it has granted to only nine other American painters, and it performs a notable service for the art world and the public in general.

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Some young artist needed it for his studies.
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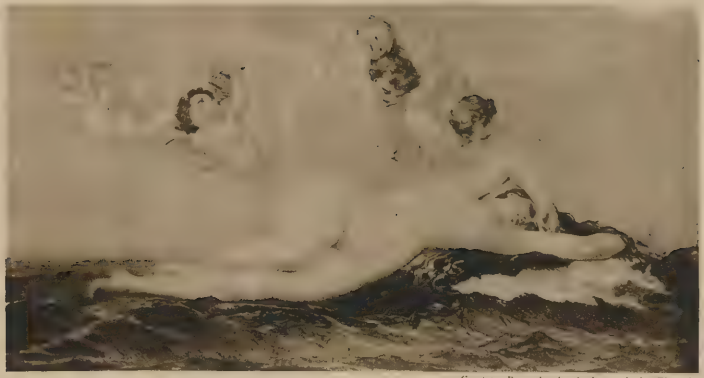


—Courtesy Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

"The Birth of Venus"

Painted by Alexander Cabanel

Mr. Lukeman realizes the magnitude of his task and is going about it in a manner which indicates breadth of vision, business acumen and artistic judgment.

"It is not the size of the monument that frightens me," he explained in a recent interview. "It is the responsibility that the size and the lasting qualities of the mountain give to the sculptor. For unless one can put something great into Stone Mountain it would be better to leave it undisturbed."

Mr. Lukeman is not following the Borglum plans but is, of course, embodying what has already been completed in the monument. Since very little actually has been carved he is free to create his own ideas.

"I will make the memorial that of a marching army, signifying that they are forever marching through the ages," the sculptor announced with enthusiasm. "There will be five mounted figures, including Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

"The thing is so enormous that it is hard to realize the size of one figure. It will be the largest statue in the world. There is 1,600 feet of space to fill and the actual work of cutting the stone will call for blasting as well as chiseling.

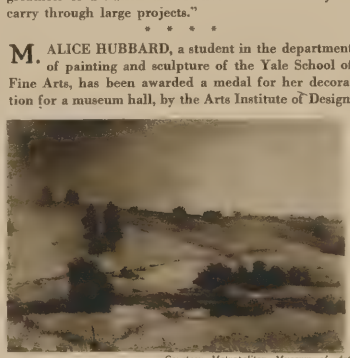
"But that will be a purely mechanical process. The engineering problems have been worked out already by J. R. Robert. I give no thought to that end of it. The thing I am interested in is the art of it, the making of a monument that will be worth carving into the side of a granite mountain, the conceiving of an idea that will represent our people and our time, our art and our philosophy to those who come after during all the thousands of years that Stone Mountain will stand.

"The Confederate soldier has a touch of romance about him that appeals to the whole country. He fought for a lost cause, yet sixty-five years later he is so beloved that the states for which he fought will undertake a thing like this in his honor—a thing costing three millions of dollars.

"The whole idea is something that will kindle the imaginations of those to come. And it is a great opportunity for an artist to contribute to the lasting greatness of a nation that is noted for its ability to carry through large projects."

* * * *

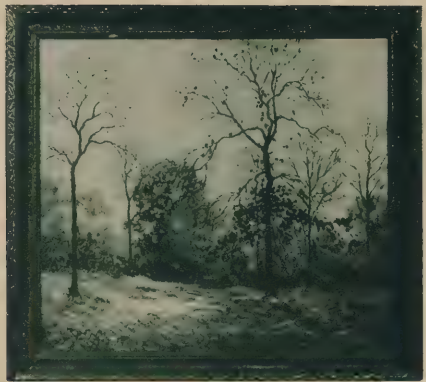
M. ALICE HUBBARD, a student in the department of painting and sculpture of the Yale School of Fine Arts, has been awarded a medal for her decoration for a museum hall, by the Arts Institute of Design.



—Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

"The Rain"

Coffin (See Page 55)



"October" Oil Painting by Raymond Stilzen

A GALLERY of Wisconsin art, conducted by a Wisconsin newspaper, with the purpose of giving encouragement to young artists and promoting an interest in art by the general public has been a part of the art life of the Badger state for more than a year.

The newspaper maintaining the project is *The Milwaukee Journal*, and the pictures are displayed in the lounge of *The Journal's* new $2,000,000 building. The gallery is open to the public throughout the day, free of charge. Paintings and etchings exhibited are limited to those of artists now living in Wisconsin, or who have lived in Wisconsin, and the exhibitor must have had a painting of his shown previously in a recognized gallery.

Exhibits are changed every three months. The first exhibit was opened December 1, 1924, with 29 entries, the work of nine Wisconsin artists.

Since the opening of the gallery, fifty artists have hung their work, a total of 238 pictures, on its walls. (Two of the 238 are reproduced on this page.) Ten per cent of the paintings hung have been sold while on display. Among them have been a goodly number whose names are well known in American art: Peter Rotier, Francesco S. Spicuzza, George Peter, Rebecca Chase, Jessie Kalmback Chase, Esther Christensen, Amy Cross, Raymond Stelzner, Emily Groom, Dudley Crafts Watson, Mrs. Christian Roorfler, W. T. Hickinson, Paul Hammersmith, and Ruth Holberg. Others were practically unknown until *The Journal* exhibits gave them an opportunity to show what they could do.

At some time during the winter the gallery will be placed at the disposal of Carl von Marr, one of the most famous of Wisconsin artists, and former director of the Royal Academy of Art at Munich, for a display of his work.

His painting, "The Flagellents," which now hangs in the Milwaukee auditorium, was awarded honors at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. "The Wandering Jew," which won honors in the international exhibition of 1879, at Munich, now hangs in the Metropolitan gallery, New York. "Thou Ring Upon My Finger," painted in America, was taken to Europe where it was purchased and sent to Edinburgh. Other compositions of Von Marr are: "The Children of Bunzlau," purchased by the Society of Historical Art; "1806," sold to the museum of Koenigsberg, and "Summer Afternoon," which was owned by the late Senator Hearst.

A number of native Wisconsin artists, sojourning in Maine, California, Florida and northern Wisconsin, have sent their work to the gallery for exhibition. These artists are trying to depict little scenes which have never been sketched before.

Miss Charlotte R. Partridge, curator of the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, is the chairman of the committee of judges, who pass on pictures submitted for exhibition. No school or style of painting is barred, the only requirement being that pictures

"Apple Blossoms" Pastel by R. S. Ferris

have originality and artistic value.

* * * *

TWO distinguished New York artists, both septuagenarians who had studied in Paris, died within four days of each other in the latter part of October: Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum and William Anderson Coffin.

Mr. Zogbaum was a military and naval illustrator and war correspondent. For many years he was on the staff of *Harper's Magazine* and it was in that capacity he saw service as a war correspondent. He was in Cuba during the Spanish-American War and his last assignment was in Vera Cruz during the trouble with Mexico.

Mr. Zogbaum's books included "Horse, Foot and Dragoons, or Sketches of Army Life," and "The Junior Officer." He was a member of the American Water Color Society.

Mr. Coffin was a landscape and figure painter, art critic and president and treasurer of the American Fine Arts Society. In 1898 he became an associate of the National Academy of Design and a member in 1912. He won the academy's second Hallgarten prize with a landscape, "Moonlight in Harvest," in 1886.

The Webb prize for landscape at the Society of American Artists was awarded to him in 1891 for "The Rain," which is reproduced on page 53. This picture is now in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

For his "Early Moonrise" he received a bronze medal at the Paris Exposition of 1889. The Art Club of Philadelphia awarded him its gold medal in 1898 for an imposing composition, "Sunset in the Somerset Valley, Pennsylvania."

* * * *

AMERICAN piracy of French pottery designs is charged in a bill introduced in the Chamber of Deputies seeking to increase the penalties against the theft of new ideas. The bill declares:

"There exist agents or contractors—Americans for the most part who exploit the renown of our ceramists. They buya few works from our potters, send them to be copied in Germany on a large scale and sell the copies as the originals of great artists."

"CHRISTMAS EVE" *Painted by Sir John Millais*

There are more than 100 houses in Paris existing solely by copying the dress models created by a very small number, according to the bill. Its author points out that France's exports connected with the luxury trade total more than 3,000,000,000 francs annually, which pays twice over the country's imports of foodstuffs.

* * * *

DID you know that the head on the buffalo nickel was designed from a real live Indian?

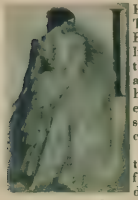
Chief Two Guns White Calf had the honor of posing for the sculptor who designed this popular coin. The chief lives on the Glacier National Park Indian Reservation. He is the son of Chief White Calf, who died while on a visit to Washington during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. The President had his body sent home in a private car accompanied by a military escort. The son is a frequent visitor to the national capital.

Is the Stage Immoral?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In September we published the Rev. W. E. Biederwolf's sermon on "The Theatre" and a reply to it by Earl Carroll, theatrical producer. This stirred up so much interest that so far we have received 203 letters on the subject from our readers, including a scholarly dissertation written in German by E. D., of Reno, Nevada. The five printed here are fairly representative of the whole number.*

On pages 3 and 39 of this issue are pictured two of the Earl Carroll models; we leave it to the reader's judgment to determine whether such beauty is artistic or demoralizing.

* * * *



HAVE read the sermon on "The Theatre," by the Rev. William E. Beiderwolf, which you published, and have considered it in the appropriate light. I am not an authority on immorality, nor has my experience in it been even very wide, but I have a few sentiments thereabout that clamor for expression.

In the first place, why choose the theater as a social object for attack? I can think of more demoralizing examples, such as the last three chapters of the *Book of Judges*. But let that pass.

Secondly, how would one make the theater a factor in popular morality? By showing the life of the so-called pure, which is colorless in the extreme? Surely no one who has just finished seeing, let us say, the instanced "Camille," would have an impulse to go immediately and do likewise. I know of no better warning against sin than a glimpse of the rewards of the wicked.

For another thing, I wonder if the display of uncovered human flesh really is indecent. Apparently the human mind is suggestible, however carefully sequestered. Is it Dr. Andre Tridon who tells the story of the Puritan lady who was annoyed by seeing young boys bathing without suits in the river before her house? She calls a policeman to send them away, but finds when he has done so that they are still visible from the second story windows. She has him send them away still farther, but is forced to complain a third time because she can still see them from the roof by using a pair of binoculars. People seem to be like that.

As a final defense, let me say that there is a certain sophistication arising from a wide acquaintance with the spectacle of life, that neither vitiates nor uglifies the human spirit. This sophistication inclines its possessors to believe what the Rev. Mr. Beiderwolf seems never to have known—that sin beautified is not necessarily vice glorified, nor the exhibition of its results always an incentive for imitation. A little credit ought to go to those people who are brave enough to be really clean, no matter what motives others may attribute to them—to be clean with a tolerance that admits the need of the bad being mingled with the good in order that a perfect spectacle of truth may be presented.

MYRON H. BROOMELL, 58 *Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.*

* * * *

Two great institutions, the Theatre and the Church, stand antithetically arrayed against each other, each with its insistent call upon its devotees for loyalty; but loyalty to the one is disloyalty to the other, for the ideals of each exclude the ideals of the other.

It is not enough to say that the theatre furnishes pleasure; every sin in the catalogue of crime does that. It is, therefore, no criterion that one enjoys such entertainment, and it is not prudishness for sensitive and cultured people to revolt from the salaciousness of the modern theatre.

The writer has never attended the theatre, but has viewed a number of moving picture plays with undisguised enjoyment. Film productions are subjected to the closest scrutiny and discriminating judgment of censor boards, to whom we owe a profound debt of gratitude. The same kind of censorship should cover just as adequately all stage productions.

So far as the Rev. W. E. Biederwolf's sermon on "The Theatre" is concerned, we heartily indorse every word of it, even to the extent of sharing with him the optimistic belief in "the possible redemption of the stage."

REV. WALTER W. HUBBARD, 515 *N. 61st St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

* * * *

I am not a writer so I am not writing this in spirit of competition. But the Reverend Doctor's article reminds me of a story told of Mark Twain. He and a lady were walking in the country and, in the course of their walk, came to an old country swimming hole, where a crowd of boys were swimming. Mr. Twain's eyes twinkled with reminiscence. The lady, said indignantly: "Mr. Twain, isn't it awful? Those little boys haven't a stitch of clothes on." Mr. Twain looked at her, then back at the children, and said, "Oh yes! They are little boys, aren't they? I hadn't noticed before."

J. CRANDALL, 426 *Center St., Chicago, Ill.*

* * * *

I believe the Rev. W. E. Biederwolf to be wrong in saying that the stage (even granted that it is immoral) ruins the good artist, or that the artist should be against the stage. To prove this, I think Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, the ideal of the pure artist, may be quoted. He calls himself "Zarathustra, the destroyer of morality."

In the same book there is another story illustrating his attitude towards morality. Zarathustra comes upon some dancing girls who cease their sport, thinking the philosopher a stern religious man. He tells

COSTUME OF GRANDMOTHER'S TIME AND THE GARB OF TODAY —*Florence Arledge and Mary Carney of "I'll Say She Is"*

them, however, that he does not want to spoil any pleasure. Pleasure has its place in life.

As to the Rev. Mr. Biederwolf's view of immorality, I think it entirely too harsh. In condeming all the works he does, would not the greatest works like Goethe's *Faust* (he heartily roasts the opera) and Wagner's great trilogy (the story of the love of brother and sister) also be considered among the damned? In condemning physical nudity, would the Rev. Mr. Biederwolf not wish the masterpieces of Rubens to be taken from the eyes of the public? I believe that if his instruction were strictly followed, the world would be deprived of nearly all of its great art.

My opinion of most of the modern stage productions is that they are absolutely worthless as art. Yet, they *do* serve a purpose, which (as Earl Carrol says in his article) is to give the public enjoyment. These productions should have no appeal to the intelligent mind. But the more intelligent people should have rather a tolerant attitude than a destructive one. The public must be led away from worthless stuff by the producing of more good plays and operas, rather than the abolition of the former.

JAMES JAY, 326 *W. 83rd St.*,
New York, N. Y.

* * * *

In spite of all the malicious persecution directed against the theatrical art, we notice that the theatres prosper and multiply with an astonishing speed. The cause for this seems to be that the theatrical art is simple and pure, an expression of human desire, feeling and life free from all entanglements of perverted views in regard to the so-called morals, customs and the rights and wrongs of others.

The theatres prosper because they are fitted for pure democracy, and this fitness is constituted by their virtues of being absolutely impartial and non-proselytic.

To the theatrical artists the views, opinions, prejudices and habits of other people represent only objects from which their minds draw on for inspiration, and ideas, with which they construct their own art as attractive and appealing as possible, as their genius can conceive the ideal.

ERNEST RAPATTONI, 455 *S. Lucas St.*
Los Angeles, Calif.

Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor
ART LOVERS' MAGAZINE
New York City

Dear Mr. Hubbard:

I am much pleased with your version of "Trailing the Dinosaur," as shown in the ART LOVERS' for October. As you predicted, the pictures by the rotogravure process show up much better than by the ordinary black and white.

We really like your little magazine very much. For one with a Puritan ancestry, it is something like taking a plunge into cold water; once you get in "the water's fine." . . . .

You have a discriminating taste. . . . I always did have an eye for a pretty woman and when I get over it, it will be time to make a deal with the undertaker.

With kindest personal regards, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
SAMUEL HUBBARD,
Curator of Archeology.
Oct. 25, 1925. Oakland (Calif.) Museum.

Putting in the Postscript

AFTER viewing the film, "Quo Vadis," at the City Hall Theatre in New York, a little boy was found sobbing just outside the Park Row Building. A sympathetic passerby asked the cause of the weeps. The little fellow replied that his heart had been touched by the scene in which the Christians were ered. In the lions. "One poor hungry lion," he howled, "didn't have any Christian."

A reformer says Sunday trains will be stopped in 1926. Yes, at many stations.—*Elbert Hubbard II.*

* * * *

Author: "The very first thing I sent to a magazine was accepted."

Young Friend: "Was it poetry or prose?"

Author: "Prose. It was a check for a year's subscription."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

* * * *

LONDON has been indulging in somewhat heated controversy over the merits (or, more particularly and frequently, the demerits) of Sculptor Epstein's Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park.

Now George Bernard Shaw leaps into the battle ring carrying cudgels for the much-abused artist. He declares that the bas-relief is remarkable, but too small, and that is not the fault of Epstein, but of "Mother England," because the money collected for the memorial was not enough to pay for what was needed.

"'Please, sir, Mother England wants four yards of your best monumental wall sculpture to put in the park for one of her famous sons.' Epstein solemnly delivered four yards."

Then G. B. S. continues—and this is one of the brighest things he has said in a long while—"That's what comes of ordering your monument when you've only money enough to pay for a Christmas card. We get monuments to our national meanness in matters of high art."

* * * *

There was a young girl, good at heart,
Who hadn't a great deal of smart.
Since she wanted to be
Reckoned "hi-browish", she
Raved vaguely and often of art.

* * * *

Young Artist—"What's your occupation?"

Model—"Oh. I pose as a rule."

Y. A.—"Gee, I'd like to take your measure."—*De Pauw Yellow Crab.*

* * * *

Rosie—"They say that Miss Antique was once pretty as a picture."

Posie—"Well, she resembles a line drawing now."

* * * *

Two old maids
Went for
A tramp in the wood.
The tramp
Died.

De Mirjian Art Study

NOVA LYNN, *of Shubert's "Artists and Models"*

"Are you an art connoisseur?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "although I should never speak of myself as such."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not absolutely sure I know how to pronounce the word."

* * * *

The latest definition of an educated man is one who can quote Shakespeare without crediting it to the Bible.

* * * *

Dum: "How ya' feeling?"

Bell: "Rotten."

Dum: "Whass matter?"

Bell: "Got insomnia."

Dum: "How come?"

Bell: "Woke up twice in the dean's lecture this morning."

* * * *

Considerably over two hundred thousand copies of the last issue of ART LOVERS' MAGAZINE were printed and distributed. It has been estimated that there are nearly three hundred thousand teachers of art, students, architects, sign writers, draftsmen, sculptors, art supervisors, textile designers, poster artists, cover designers, etc., in the United States.

* * * *

MADELINE HURLOCK, *in Training for a Mack Sennett Comedy Film, Is Trying to "Vamp" a Snow Man*

"You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows."

(Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept).

"I shall sentence you to prison for two years. Why, what are you grinning at?"

"I thought," smiled the prisoner, "you were a-going to let me off."—*Tid Bits.*

* * * *

Sharpshooter: Wonder why "Jones" makes such rotten scores at target practice?

Marksman: I understand he led an "aimless" life before he enlisted.

* * * *

"Mother, make Jane quit singing."

This gentle command came for the second time from upstairs, where Roy and Jane were supposed to have been taking a nap.

"Roy, pay no attention to Jane. Be a little man and go to sleep," answered the mother.

"I am a man, mother," was the reply. "Jane keeps singing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and I have to stand up."

* * * *

Maggie—"Just think, those ruins are 2,000 years old."

Dottie—"Aw gwan, it's only 1925 now."

* * * *

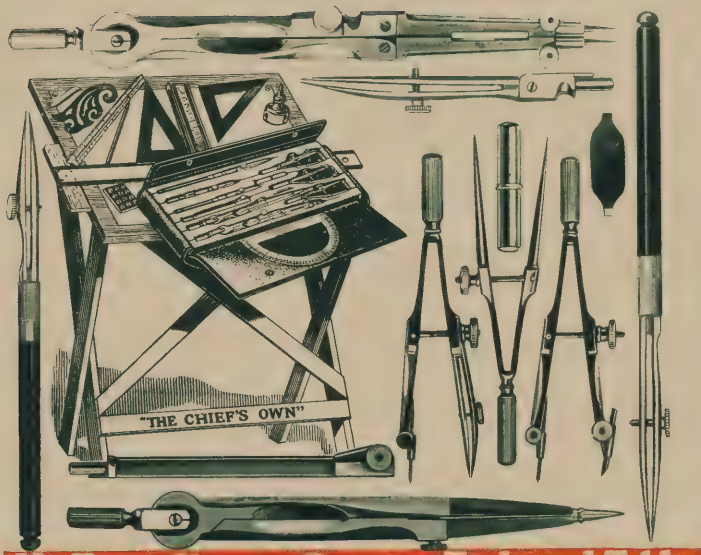
"I wish you could assure me," said a nervous old lady, approaching the captain of an excursion boat, "that this vessel would be able to come safely through a storm."

"Lady," proudly asserted the grizzled skipper, "this old craft has come safe through so many storms that half her timbers is unj'inted."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * * *

A man was spending a night at a hotel in a small Southern town, and when going to his room for the night he told the porter that he wanted to be called early in the morning.

"Say, boss," replied the porter, "I reckon yo' ain't familiar wid dese heath modern inventions. When yo' wants to be called in de mawin' all yo' has to do is to press de button at de head of yo bed. Den we comes up an' calls yo'."—*Everybody's.*



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And six with seven then I spend,
Where rosy blush and ivory blend;
Ah, fain my lips would spend the rest—
The three, at once—upon thy breast!
But—Love, slow dawning in thine eyes,
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'Twill need the last three of my ten
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